

Mary

THE

Hermit

PARENTAL MONITOR.

Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,
Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
Nor touches on the world without a stain :
The world's infectious: few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.

* * * *

Virtue alone out-builds the pyramids:
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fail.

YOUNG.

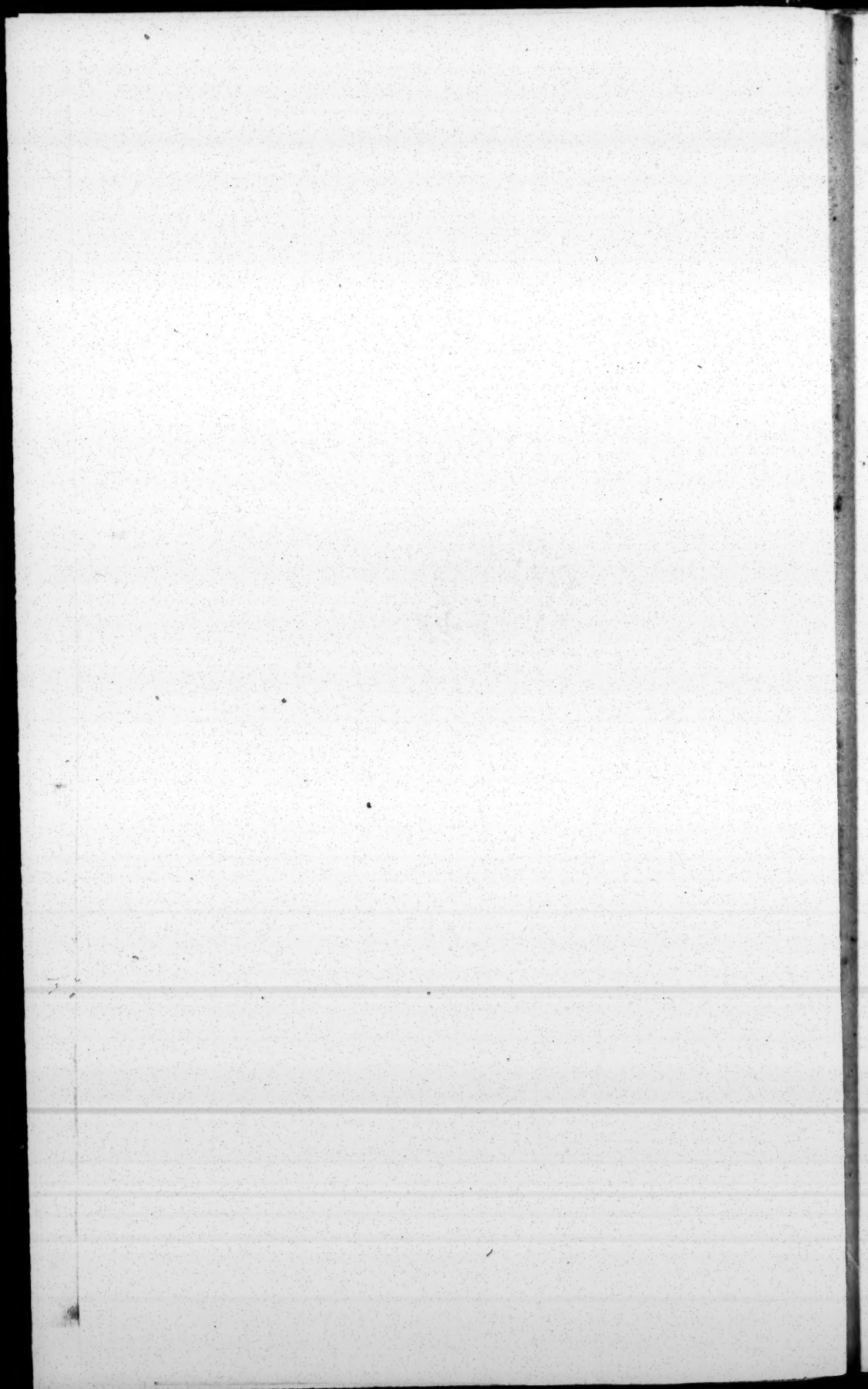
IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY MRS. BONHOTE,
OF BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.

VOL. I.

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P R E F A C E.

THE Author of the following sheets has endeavoured to unite amusement with instruction, and to write the language of truth in a style most likely to captivate the attention, lest she should disgust and weary those she meant and wished to improve; and to implant proper ideas in their minds, without entirely disappointing their youthful expectations.

THE mottos are all borrowed from some of her most favourite authors, and likewise several of the stories, as she found them applicable to the subject; in order to give authority and additional force to her own opinions, by calling in those of superior, more experienced, and more able writers. She has likewise introduced some fables, a species of writing to which she was ever very partial, as being not only particularly interesting, but instructive.— A lesson of wisdom of almost every kind may be found in the fables of *Æsop*, *Gay*, *Moore*, and several other writers; amongst

A 2

which

which number Mozeen is not undistinguished.

To guard youth from error, and, by so doing, shield old age from many of its most agonizing sorrows; to caution the thoughtless, humble the vain, and endeavour to reform the vicious, is surely neither an unnecessary or reprehensible undertaking, in an age too prone to err.— Though the following papers are particularly addressed to the young, the author flatters herself that those who have escaped, or been ensnared by the dangers of vice, or the delusions of folly, in the earlier stages of life, will find at least some amusement in perusing them; and that they will serve to strengthen in them those principles and habits of virtue, prudence, rectitude, and self-denial, which time and experience will every day more and more serve to convince them are not only invaluable, but absolutely necessary to happiness.

INTRODUCTION.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

FROM the earliest period of becoming a mother, my mind has been insensible to any higher gratification, than what arose from performing the anxious, but at the same time the delightful duties which are so intimately connected with the character of a parent. My time has hitherto been chiefly dedicated to you: your happiness has been my ultimate wish, your improvement my highest source of pleasure and delight; to have you consider me as your most indulgent and faithful friend, my desire. You are still so young as to require the continuance of my care; and I am convinced it is not more necessary to your happiness, than I have found it conducive to my own.

The following papers were originally written solely for your instruction, lest I should be taken from you before you had

arrived at an age to retain in your remembrance the tender admonitions of a mother, anxious to see you prudent, good and virtuous. A continued series of ill health having rendered that event but too probable, it served to increase all the fears of maternal tenderness in my soul, yet at the same moment to renovate me with hope, and supplied me with resolution to employ the present hours for your future advantage, and determine me to publish them, as the only alternative left me for securing to you the advice of a real friend, whenever deprived of her personal attentions.

Another very interesting inducement for making them public arose from the pleasing reflection, that by so doing they might possibly be useful to others: that the orphan, the uninstructed, the thoughtless, neglected, or distressed, might find, in the monitors of the mother and the friend, a guide to direct their unguarded steps through the devious and dangerous paths of life. The earnest desire of being serviceable to my fellow-creatures, and in some degree supplying the place of a parent to those deprived of a parent's tender care, armed me with trembling resolution to encounter censure, rendered me indifferent to all illiberal reflections, and encouraged me to hope I should meet with the indulgence.

gence of the generous and candid for the attempt, however I may have failed in the execution of it.

If at the time my pen has been employed for you, my children, it shall prove beneficial to others; if it should preserve one innocent mind from being misled by vice, from becoming the dupe of folly, or a victim to the artful and designing, it will amply repay me for the hazard I run of being censured for becoming a general, instead of a partial Monitor, and that in a language simple and unstudied, undistinguished by learned quotations, and as free from all kinds of abstruse reasoning as the youthful heart should be from guile.

Attend then, I conjure you, my children, to the advice of a mother, to whose tender love and unremitting attention you had a just and irresistible claim; to a friend whose sincerity you cannot doubt. I shall consider myself abundantly repaid, if they answer the purpose for which they were intended, that of assisting to make you deserving the care of your heavenly Parent; under whose guidance and protection even the unportioned and unprotected may find a never-failing, an everlasting friend.

That they may have this benign effect on you, and all who read them, by inspiring them with the emulation of virtue, and teaching them “not to be overcome of evil, but to overcome evil with good,” is the sincere wish of

Your tender and

affectionate mother,

ELIZABETH BONHOTE.

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Prayer for the Christian

PARENTAL MONITOR.

RELIGION.

Know then who bow the early knee,
And give the willing heart to me ;
Who wisely, when temptation waits,
Elude her frauds and spurn her baits ;
Who dare to own my injured cause,
Tho' fools deride my sacred laws ;
Or scorn to deviate to the wrong,
Tho' persecution lifts her thong ;
Know, that for such superior souls,
There lies a bliss beyond the poles ;
Where spirits shine with purer ray,
And brighten to meridian day :
Where love, where boundless friendship rules,
(No friends that change, no love that cools!)
Where rising floods of knowledge roll,
And pour and pour upon the soul.

DR. COTTON'S VISIONS.

THE first subject on which I mean to address my readers shall be the steady practice of RELIGION ; a subject which justly claims pre-eminence, not only for its consequence to us in our present, but for securing our happiness in a future and more permanent state of existence.

Be

Be ever unshaken in the exercise of that Religion in which you have been brought up: adhere strictly to its rules. Whenever you go into the church, remember whose house you are going to enter, and suffer not the short time set apart for the service of your God to be misapplied, by having your attention employed on the objects around you. Observe a decent seriousness of behaviour there, and let not the example of any one tempt you to behave irreverently in the sacred house of God.

Never let an idle curiosity prevail upon you to go from one place of worship to another: it is often attended with disagreeable consequences. Be satisfied with the truth and purity of that religion in which you have been instructed, and leave others to serve their Maker in the way they choose, without having a doubt of their being happy if they act right, or without a wish to be acquainted with the mysteries or form in which they practise their duty.

The mind unacquainted with the mild and prevailing precepts of religion, is like a barren soil that lies waste, or the extended desert, that affords neither shelter nor refreshment; which produces neither tree nor flower, nor contains one reviving spring to quench the thirst or cheer the drooping heart of the weary and exhausted traveller.

Would you be happy—Would you enjoy pleasures unalloyed by the pangs of regret—Are you desirous of being virtuous, and treated with respect; of having your character held in estimation by the world; and of tasting the sweets of an unrepenting conscience—Would you wish to deprive the tyrant, Death, of that sting which has from his first appearance been the terror of all the sons and daughters of Guilt?—Be constantly regular in the performance of your religious duties: let not the world, nor any of its fascinating pleasures, rob you of a pleasure far superior to any it has to offer you; but in so doing avoid bigotry, superstition or gloominess. Real religion has nothing to terrify its youthful votaries: her aspect is mild, serene and placid; her sentiments pure, liberal and enlivening: she forbids no innocent gratifications, but by her soft composure gives redoubled enjoyment to the social hour. Sincerity stands on her right-hand, Candour on her left: she diffuses harmony and peace wherever she presides: Love and Good-will follow her footsteps: Envy flies away affrighted at her approach, and every jarring and vicious passion is subdued into subjection by her gentle influence.

There is an ambition in almost every virtuous mind of keeping good company: and amongst people of high rank no expence

pence is spared, no trouble evaded, when an opportunity offers, to be introduced to their sovereign; and they are anxious to add by their own splendour to the splendours of the court, and to be honoured with the approbation and attention of that august personage, to whom they are eager to bend the willing knee. Yet there is a Being, far, infinitely far superior to the greatest potentate on earth, before whose presence you may venture to appear with less ceremony; and although your name be undistinguished by a title, or unknown to Fame, though your body be clothed in rags, or wasted by disease, if your hearts be free from guile, and your minds adorned with the simple robes of innocence, you may be fearless of meeting a cold or unkind reception, and rest assured that your petitions will be heard with mercy and condescension, your drooping hearts revived, and you will retire from his presence with a sweet serenity no earthly monarch could bestow.

Who, then, would not avail themselves of this glorious, this soul-enlivening privilege, or would neglect every convenient opportunity of addressing the King of kings, and holding in a manner a personal intercourse with their Maker, the great and all-powerful Founder of this magnificent and wonderful universe; at whose
fiat

fiat millions of lives depend; who in a moment can reduce you to the earth from which you first were formed, and with whom it rests to raise from earth to immortality? 'Tis by prayer alone you can obtain this distinguished privilege.—Lose not, then, for the frivolous amusements of folly, or the business of pride, ambition or worldly gain, an intercourse so sublime and advantageous. Rise not from your bed forgetful of the Being who has protected you in your slumbers from the dangers of the night; nor ever think of retiring to rest till you have recommended yourselves to his care, who neither slumbers nor sleeps.

Ingratitude to our fellow-creatures is considered as a crime in the eyes of men; and though not amenable to the rigour of the laws, is justly exposed to censure. What punishment, then, must be due to those unhappy beings, who can become regardless of the hand who formed them, inattentive to the commands of that God whose watchful providence protected their careless and wayward steps in infancy, and supported them in maturer age; who has been their rock of defence, whilst surrounded with ten thousand impending dangers; who has been their shield from the arrow which flieth by day, and from the pestilence which walketh by night; and

and who alone can raise them from the solitary mansions of the grave!

Sweet and composed are the slumbers of the righteous! Having commended their souls to God, they can retire to rest without fear or apprehension of danger. If summoned to leave the world before they awake, they are prepared to give up a clear account: they have not put off till the morrow what the present day could effect. If sorrow meet them on the way, their souls are armed with a placid influence of resignation; and in the strict performance of their duty they find consolation in the moments of affliction. Integrity will not fail to encourage their perseverance in virtue, and hope will point to distant scenes of joyful reward, which will render them regardless of the thorns that are planted in the path of human life.

How differently marked are those hours which are likewise set apart for rest to the unhappy votaries of vice! No peaceful slumbers sheds its poppies around their pillow: darkness to them is terror, and they fear to sleep, lest they should awake no more, till the last alarming trumpet calls them from the sleep of death. Terrified at the magnitude of that account, which, from having remained so long unsettled, they tremble to reflect upon, they go on, deferring it from time to time, till they

they either become insensible of danger, or incapable of performing a task which appears impracticable to accomplish; and whilst they deliberate they are in a continual dread of being summoned to appear before the awful tribunal of their God, with all their imperfections on their head.

Avail yourselves, therefore, of the opportunity, which youth, health, and time afford, to avert that most alarming of all human miseries, a conscience at war with itself. Whilst youth enlivens your hearts, and health invigorates your faculties, employ them with sincerity and truth in the service of your Maker. Secure yourselves an interest in the mercies of your Redeemer, and keep up a steady and unremitting intercourse with your God by fervent and constant prayer: you will find the advantage of such an intercourse in every trial you meet with here. You will then have nothing to fear from his dread vengeance, whose mercy you have deserved: you can have no doubt of his love, whose precepts have been the guide of your life; nor shrink from the scrutiny of those actions which have been untainted with guilt.

In your last moments you must expect to feel, like other mortals, the agonizing pangs, the tender conflicts of expiring nature: but the sharpest sting of Death will be

be rendered pointless; his worst terrors will be unable to reach you. Amidst the pains you have to sustain, you will have no fears of what is to come after death. Happy, thrice happy is the mortal whose piety thus secures him peace at the last closing scene of a weary pilgrimage! To think of Death without terror, and to see his approach with fortitude, is the invaluable privilege of VIRTUE.

Awful as the thoughts of Death are to us, frail children of the dust, it is requisite to keep it frequently in our remembrance amidst our busiest intercourse with the world: but it should be recollected without melancholy or despondency. When we know of going a journey of only a few miles, we naturally make a proper preparation against the time of setting out: and shall we be less careful in preparing for that moment, which we know must come, and come to all?

RELIGION smooths the roughest path of life, softens the bed of death, and is the safe, the unerring guide to everlasting happiness: therefore, my children, cherish its divine precepts in your hearts, and make them your ruling principles of action: they will repel the subtlest attacks of vice in her most alluring and captivating forms: keep the interesting example of your Redeemer ever in view: be emulous to follow it,

it, and you cannot fail to walk with safety : it will diffuse cheerfulness on every scene around you, encourage your minds with the brilliant rays of hope, animate your souls with vigour, and prepare them for the society of angels, even whilst they are inclosed in the frail body of mortality, by imparting an enlivening foretaste of those joys to which it is the only unfailing conductor : and though a life of undeviating virtue will not secure you from sickness, sorrow or disappointment, it will enable you to meet them with resignation and fortitude.

Rank will demand respect, fortune will procure pleasure, health will give a relish to the enjoyments of sense ; but it is Virtue and Religion only which will purchase unfading pleasures, and secure a happy immortality.

On piety, humanity is built ;
And on humanity, much happiness ; -
And yet still more on piety itself.
A soul in commerce with her God, is heaven ;
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life ;
The whirls of passion and the strokes of heart.
A Deity believed, is joy begun ;
A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd :
A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
Each branch of piety delight inspires ;
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides.

YOUNG.

A D V E R S I T Y.

If Misfortune comes, she brings along
The bravest virtues. And so many great
Illustrious spirits have convers'd with woe,
Have in her schools been taught, as are enough
To consecrate distress, and make ambition
Ev'n with the frown beyond the smile of fortune.

THOMSON.

TO support with humility the dazzling, the alluring sunshine of prosperity, is a sure proof of a good heart and well informed mind; but to bear the buffeting storms of Adversity with unrepining resignation and equanimity of temper, requires a much greater degree of resolution, and even exalts the mortal above his nature. Yet such meek fortitude, such silent dignity of suffering, often passes through all the trying scenes of a trying life unnoticed, unregarded, unpitied. The busy inhabitants of the world are too much engaged after their own affairs to search out the unfortunate and uncomplaining sufferer; and think it quite sufficient if they sometimes find leisure to listen to the distresses of the forward and clamorous.

We meet with many on whom fortune has bestowed her most liberal and indulgent favours, disconcerted and made wretched

wretched by the slightest disappointment ; the most trivial and unimportant events will be loudly proclaimed with murmurings and repinings ; and though possessed of almost every blessing the world can bestow, they will presumptuously complain of the dispensations of Providence if they are deprived of a single enjoyment, and, like wayward and spoiled children, will cry for the merest toy, whilst they can disregard the intrinsic value of a thousand more desirable blessings.

Adversity will teach a better and more useful lesson. Great evils render us superior to all those little repinings and trifling distresses which generally are felt by those whose paths have been strewn with flowers ; who, having met in their smooth and easy journey with a few thorny difficulties, will stumble at a very slight appearance of danger. It will compel the heart to look into itself for consolation : it will make us indifferent to a thousand unavoidable cares, which terrify like giants those who have been gaily fluttering on the smooth surface of prosperity ; and who by never having been tried in the purifying furnace of affliction, remain totally and obstinately unacquainted with themselves, and the purpose for which they were created. Too happy, and too well satisfied with the flattering accommodations this life affords them,

them, they would gladly resign all their hopes of a future and more durable state of existence, could they be permitted to remain in the present for any certain length of years.

Far other, far more noble and exalted hopes will at times break in upon and enliven the solitary gloom which surrounds those who are struggling with Adversity. To the future they look forwards with serene satisfaction; to the present they feel an heroical indifference. Though peals of thunder roll over their heads, they are not appalled; and though the forked lightnings flash around them, they are not afraid. They who have the most to lose are the readiest to fear; and what will serve to terrify the favourites of fortune, will pass unregarded by those whom the torrent of Adversity has taught to place their hopes and wishes on a more lasting and secure foundation, which is not to be shaken by the summer's tempest or the rough winter's storm. If therefore you are indulged with the blessings of prosperity, suffer them not to become a curse, by making you giddy, insensible, forgetful, proud. Let them not tempt you to think you stand secure. The wheel of fortune is incessantly going round. Though placed on its top, your foot may slip, and you, like

like many others, may in a moment be hurled to its bottom.

Neither let those whose allotted portion of the good things of this life is but small, and who are sentenced to contend with Adversity, be tempted to despair. Though a trying, it is an excellent school of wisdom, an admirable preceptor to train the soul for heaven. It will shew the world in its true colours, and convince you of its instability. It will wean your hearts from its fascinating delights, and prove a faithful guard against its dangers. It will shew you the prudence and necessity of fixing your hopes beyond its reach. Various and innumerable are the avenues through which adversity will find its way to the heart; but if properly received it has one grand recourse, one unfailing bulwark in which security and consolation may be found; namely, to meet its trial with religious fortitude:—that will banish despondence, and become the kind parent of every soul-reviving hope.—“Blessed are those whom the Lord chasteneth;” “who is their refuge and defence in the hour of trial,” “and whose God is the strength of their confidence.”

THE LOVE OF PLEASURE.

A satyr^{ist} * in Roman times,
When Rome, like Britain, groan'd with crimes,,
Asserts it for a sacred truth,
That Pleasures are the bane of youth :
That sorrows such pursuits attend,
Or such pursuits in sorrows end :
That all the wild advent'rer gains
Are perils, penitence, and pains.

DR. COTTON'S VISIONS.

AN inordinate love of pleasure often leads us into the most lasting and serious miseries : it involves us in ridiculous distresses, and encompasses us with difficulties from which the toil of years will not set us free. And too often a youth of pleasure and extravagance is followed by an old age of contempt, poverty and trouble. The most generous minds are sometimes led astray by this unfortunate predilection. To gratify the present moment, they become regardless of the future : virtue, peace, friends, and fortune, are unguardedly sacrificed to the caprices of the hour ; and though warned by the hapless example of thousands, they run heedlessly on in

* Perseus.

the

the pursuit of pleasure, till they deprive themselves of the power to enjoy it.

Unhappy obstinacy! fatal delusion! thoughtless propensity! Pleasure has no charms, when it madly overleaps the bounds of discretion: all her gaudy flowers fade and wither when they approach the baneful presence of that hag called Vice. Even the most innocent pleasures may be pursued till they become a crime in themselves, and a misfortune to our dearest connections.

To sacrifice too large a portion of our precious time, the interest of ourselves and families, the peace of those who have a just claim upon our most prudent and tender attentions, ought to be reprobated and discouraged, and must ever bring a degrading reproach upon the understanding.

Pleasure may likewise be pursued till it becomes a slavery and toil, and the ill effects of an intemperate use of it may be seen in the broken constitutions, the early old age, of many of its unthinking votaries. Late hours and a perpetual round of dissipation, are the well-known enemies to youth and beauty, whilst the most brilliant and captivating pleasures are dearly purchased with the loss of health, that first and invaluable of human blessings, which, like the sensitive plant, must be carefully

watched to be preserved, and if once neglected, or too roughly handled, may ever after shrink from the slightest touch.

There cannot be a greater reproach upon our understanding than an immoderate love of frivolous and idle amusements: they tend to enervate the soul, and to render it unfit for higher and more rational enjoyments: it gives to the whole behaviour an appearance of levity, makes the mind more easily susceptible of bad impressions, and exposes the young and inexperienced to a multiplicity of dangers: for when the attention is chiefly occupied on the thoughts of pleasure, but little progress can be made in any useful improvement.

Mistake me not: I am no enemy to pleasure, but when it misleads the mind from that steady rectitude which ought to be observed in our conduct: nor have I a single objection to any amusement that does not interfere with our moral and important duties. We have a just right to fill up our leisure hours with such recreations as are agreeable to our taste, if they are not such as injure our principles, health, or fortune; but we are all highly blameable when we make it our chief business and study, and sacrifice to pleasure not only the social and active duties of this life, but our hopes in that which is to come.

To

To attempt writing too seriously on the subject of pleasure, and giving a longer dissertation, may disgust, instead of convincing my young readers; I will therefore introduce two stories applicable to the subject, which I met with some years ago: they are told in a way sufficiently humorous to entertain, and at the same time contain so much good sense and ridicule as cannot fail to convince both young and old, married or unmarried, of the folly of pursuing pleasure beyond the limits of prudence and discretion.

Calling to visit an acquaintance of mine that married a young lady whom he had brought up to London, I heard his voice very loud before I saw his face. I not only heard him raving about with vociferation, but in a volley of words from the foot of the stairs, calling to his wife, in the delivery of which he convinced me he had the lungs of a Stentor.—“Come
“down, Nancy, I say: will you never
“leave your dressing-room? How do
“you think we can possibly find time
“to go to all these places, unless you
“make more haste?” He then stepped forward to me in the hall, shook me by the hand, and hurried back to the bottom of the stairs, “Come, come, my dear,

B 2

“pr’ythee

“ pr’ythee make haste; here is Mr. Martin.”

To this second summons the following answer was very feebly articulated—“ I am coming presently.”

“ Presently !” replied he, with precipitation, “ presently won’t do, Child; we shall be too late; you must come this minute.”

Here, finding him silent, rather from want of breath than want of inclination, I seized the favourable instant to ask him, whither he was going in such a hurry?

“ To twenty places at once,” said he. “ We are to meet a party at Christie’s; from thence we are to go to Lever’s, calling at all the exhibitions which lie in our way; then, if we have time, we are to take an airing in Hyde-park, and a turn in Kensington-gardens; we are then to dress, and dine with a friend, who is to carry us to see Garrick in a capital character: we shall then go to Ranelagh, walk a few rounds, return home to dress for Mrs. Cornely’s masked ball, dance a cotillion, toss down some iced cream, and conclude the evening in a comfortable manner at the Casino.”

“ Upon my word,” replied I, “ this is doing business; and your lady is a
“ very

“ very happy woman in finding you so
“ ready to let her see every thing.”

“ Why, you must know, my dear Sir,
“ I hurry her about in this manner, that
“ she may, by seeing every thing, have,
“ in a little while, nothing more to see ;
“ I hope, at least, that she will be cured
“ of farther curiosity. As she has (what
“ I call) an inordinate passion for sights,
“ it is my scheme to give her eyes a sur-
“feit, to wear her down with the fatigues
“ of pleasure, and to make her merely
“ from an inability to keep up the spirit-
“ ed life of a woman of fashion, in this
“ gay, giddy town, wish as earnestly to
“ return to the old mansion-house in Mon-
“ mouthshire, as ever she did to quit it,
“ fired with the accounts which she heard
“ from some female helter-skelters in my
“ neighbourhood, of the joys of London,
“ of which she had no idea when I mar-
“ ried her: and, between you and I, if I
“ had foreseen the change in her disposi-
“ tion, in consequence of her fashionable
“ connections, I believe I should not have
“ thought of her for a wife. Could I
“ but make her heartily weary of London,
“ and all its intoxicating diversions ; could
“ I but make her again satisfied with the
“ calm pleasures of domestication, I should
“ be the happiest of husbands.”

Here he broke off abruptly ; for the lady, of whom he had been so feelingly talking, made her appearance upon the stairs. She seemed, by the slowness of her motions, to be hardly able to set one foot before the other ; and looked, indeed, as if she would soon be unfit for any sublunary enjoyments.

My friend, however, affecting not to observe her, exclaimed hastily,—“ Come, “ come, my Dear, how can you loiter so, “ when you know we have so much to “ do?”

“ Bless me, Mr. Dumont,” replied the lady, upon her entrance into the parlour, almost breathless, “ why will you hurry “ me so? If there is no time, I will stay “ at home to-day.”

“ Stay at home! replied he briskly, “ when we have fixed our party, and promised to meet our friends?”

“ I must, indeed,” said she, “ for I “ have such a head-ache—and indeed, “ Sir,” continued she, (addressing herself to me) “ we did not come home from a “ dance at Lady Frolick’s till past five “ this morning ; so that I am really half “ dead for want of rest. If you please, “ therefore, (added she, turning to her husband) “ I will stay at home. You can “ go without me.”

By

By the paleness of the lady's looks, by the mildness of her manner, and by the earnestness with which she articulated her request to stay at home, (a request of a singular nature from the lips of a woman of modern taste) I could not help feeling myself strongly inclined to speak in her behalf: I actually began to plead for her, but my friend only laughed at me for my pains.—“ If I let her off now, (said he, in a whisper) she will want to go most eagerly, some other time. It is very plain, (continued he) that you have never been married, and are totally unacquainted with the artifices of the sex, or you would with half an eye have seen through all this.”

“ Why, (replied I, in the same low key) I do see that she is almost worn to a skeleton, and that you will in a little while want no carriage for her, but an hearse.”

“ Pshaw, (cried he) that's your ignorance: you never knew a woman die of pleasure in your life; they pretend to be sick, indeed, and make a great fuss; but the moment they begin to recover, they want to go abroad again and again. Now, what I wish at present, is so thoroughly to satiate my gentlewoman, that she may not have the least desire to see London any more. In short, there

“ is no peace with a woman, till you
“ have made her quite tired of seeing and
“ hearing.—And so, Tom, (concluded
“ he, with a raised voice, calling to his
“ coachman) draw up close to the door:
“ your lady is so fatigued she can hardly
“ walk to it.”

Having assisted my friend in placing the lady in her carriage, I seated myself by her, at his request, as he had desired me to accompany them to Christie's. There, soon after we had dragged our fatigued companion up stairs, my friend hurried her from one end of the room to the other with—“ Look here, Nancy—see there, my
“ dear,” till she intreated him to let her sit down. On his leaving her, at last, to speak to a gentleman of his acquaintance, she availed herself of his withdrawing to open her heart, and to state her case to me. “ Mr. Dumont, (said she) is one of
“ the best natured men in the world, and
“ the most generous of husbands. He
“ grudges no expence, he spares no trouble to entertain me, as he thinks, by
“ carrying me about from one place to another; but there are so many fine
“ things to be seen in London, that I am
“ weary of going after them, and believe
“ that I shall be harassed out of life, if
“ we stay much longer here.”

“ You

“ You would be glad then, Madam,
“ (replied I) to return to the old family
“ seat, without desiring to come up
“ again ?” “ I would indeed, Sir, (an-
“ swered she) but though I have begged
“ Mr. Dumont on my knees, to take me
“ down into the country, he has refused
“ me ; still, however, with so much good
“ nature, telling me that he was willing
“ I should see every thing first, that I
“ could not have the heart to be angry,
“ at what was meant to please me : yet,
“ if you could only make him believe me
“ to be in earnest, when I entreat him to
“ carry me to Monmouthshire, I should
“ be vastly obliged to you.”

I told her I would certainly try ; then
going to my friend, and telling him that
Mrs. Dumont was taken ill, we returned to
the carriage. There I related to him what
had passed between us during his absence.
“ My dearest girl, (replied he) if you are
“ really sincere, we will set off to-mor-
“ row morning.” How could you think
“ me otherwise ?” (said she with winning
accents.) “ I’ll tell you, love, (answered
“ he,) having seen half the women in
“ town, especially the married women,
“ mad after diversions of one kind or
“ other, not only from morning till night,
“ but from night to morning again : hav-
“ ing seen the Countess of Rattle, Lady

“ Sneer, Mrs. Scandal, and Miss Sly,
“ ruining their constitutions, and injuring
“ their characters, by hurrying from place
“ to place, in search of happiness, (who
“ flies from those who pursue her abroad,
“ and only visits those who wait patiently
“ for her at home; having been well as-
“ sured also, that a late celebrated beauty,
“ in a distinguished style of life, absolute-
“ ly died a martyr to pleasure and to
“ pain; how could I be certain, that my
“ Nancy might not copy the manners of
“ the least amiable of her sex, from the
“ prevailing influence of imitation? De-
“ siring, therefore, of trying an experi-
“ ment of my own, whether you would
“ follow the above examples, and others
“ of the same kind, I had recourse to a
“ stratagem from which I promised myself
“ success, and I have succeeded agree-
“ ably to my utmost wishes: I am now the
“ happiest of men.”

The lady's reply was of such a nature, that it rendered her doubly amiable in the eyes of her transported husband; they drove home immediately, sent apologizing cards to those with whom they had schemed their plan of operations for that day, and set off for Monmouthshire the next morning, as contented and happy a couple as can possibly be found in any part of his Majesty's dominions.

A Jaunt

A Jaunt to a Masquerade.

‘ Writing is sometimes a resource to the
‘ sorrowful, and I so well like every mo-
‘ ral scheme of detecting and exposing fol-
‘ ly, that I cannot help telling how great
‘ a fool I have been myself within these
‘ four-and-twenty hours.—Although I am,
‘ and ever was a bookish man, yet I have
‘ a dear beautiful woman belonging to
‘ me, who is addicted to visit every pub-
‘ lic place, where books, and all which
‘ belong to them, are totally out of the
‘ question. As I was, the evening before
‘ last, reading the newspaper, I happened
‘ to hit upon a passage relating to Mrs.
‘ Cornely’s masquerade; upon which up
‘ started my wife in an ecstasy, and pro-
‘ tested that she should think herself in pa-
‘ radise, if I would permit her to purchase
‘ a ticket, and also attend her myself.—
‘ Women, and even wives, have some-
‘ times a winning way of making a propo-
‘ sal not to be withstood. A pipe of to-
‘ bacco inclines to complacency, and it
‘ hits my particular constitution so hap-
‘ pily, that if I am ever so way-ward, or
‘ waspish, at the time of lighting it, half
‘ a score whiffs soften me into good hu-
‘ mour; and before I have had the first
‘ knock out of the ashes, I am so perfectly
‘ brought

‘ brought round, that I can refuse nothing
‘ that is submitted by way of boon to my
‘ kindness.

‘ Mrs. Giddygad took me just at this
‘ crisis: my lips were wedded to the pipe,
‘ and she prevailed with the man of smoak
‘ to—go to the masquerade. The tickets
‘ cost me—I am ashamed to say what;—
‘ the dresses stood me, in hard money, the
‘ sum of—impossible to utter it; the
‘ masks, hats, hoods, feathers, and other
‘ fooleries, mounted the aggregate sum
‘ to—zounds and the devil, worse and
‘ worse.—In short after we had made
‘ ourselves as much like two devils as pos-
‘ sible insomuch that we turned away in
‘ disgust from each other, the happy hour
‘ arrived, and we set forward in this
‘ frightful situation, for *the pleasures of a*
‘ *Masquerade.*

‘ But, that the business might be quite
‘ in the *ton*, it was suggested by an ac-
‘ quaintance to my wife, how pretty it
‘ would be, if she would give a call at one
‘ or two of those private houses thrown
‘ open for the reception of masks. To
‘ one of these mansions we repaired: it
‘ was a vast pile of polite building; the li-
‘ veries were jemmy; and the stair-cases
‘ were geometrical. Up these we ascend-
‘ ed, my wife with the levity of Mercury,
‘ and I with the lethargy of Somnus, and
‘ both

‘ both of us as ugly as Satan. The doors
‘ of the great room were thrown open,
‘ fresh masques were announced, and we
‘ were ushered to the notice of—what,
‘ reader, dost thou suppose?—Why, to the
‘ full ridicule of about two hundred peo-
‘ ple, who appeared just what God Al-
‘ mighty and the perfumer made them.—
‘ Not a masque but ourselves in the whole
‘ room. Not a single fool out of his own
‘ proper character but us.

‘ The Master of the Ceremonies, and of
‘ the house, advanced very politely to en-
‘ quire us out hoping he should have the
‘ pleasure of seeing our faces. My poor,
‘ dear wife, attempted to be witty, and
‘ squeaked out in the true masquerade key,
‘ that she would not unmask. We were
‘ the butt of every body about us:—O how
‘ I blessed the tender mercies of Provi-
‘ dence, that all this ridicule was levelled
‘ at us, under the likeness of some infer-
‘ nal culprit, in the Tartarian regions.—
‘ But, plague take her, my spouse longed
‘ to go on with her wit, and would have
‘ *talked in character*, as she called it, to
‘ every body present, although the deuce
‘ a person was there who was a match for
‘ two such imps of disguise and darkness.
‘ We were now given to understand, that
‘ it was a private house for private circles.
‘ By the soul of sensibility that is in me,
‘ if

‘ if the strings of my mask had now slipped
‘ their knot, I must have been a dead man.
‘ —What, thought I to myself, have I pre-
‘ maturely dashed the honest ashes out of
‘ my pipe, have I left my beloved library
‘ of well-chosen books, have I put my rash
‘ hand into my purse, and have I paid for
‘ coach-hire, dress-hire, man-hire, and
‘ boy-hire, to introduce myself uncalled,
‘ and unwelcome, to come into a private
‘ house? have I done all this in order to
‘ disturb a room-full of people, who ne-
‘ ver saw either me or my mask before,
‘ since they had eyes?—To spare words,
‘ I must observe, that I made some advan-
‘ ces to the door, in my way to which my
‘ poor, dear Grace Giddygad whispered
‘ to me that we had mistaken the house.
‘ —Humph! said I. I caught at the door,
‘ and with my spouse rushed along like
‘ lightning, through a file of foot-men,
‘ who, supposing us to be welcome guests,
‘ ran with great officiousness to seek for
‘ our carriages and servants. The word
‘ of call was given at the foot of the geo-
‘ metrical stairs, and continued without
‘ interruption through the whole lane of
‘ livery-men. *The masks servants and car-*
‘ *riages, the masks servants and carriages,*
‘ cried they.—Bold sounding words, and
‘ as I could see by my Grace, not displeas-
‘ ing.—She humoured the splendid im-
‘ position,

‘ fition, and said they were in blue and silver. Odd’s death, Sir, it was all a cheat; all the blue we had was about our own ugly dresses: and as to silver, heaven help us! Though we had enough to pay for an hackney coach on our going, it was perfectly requisite that we should return by the same conveyance, for some of the most excellent and prevailing reasons that ever were urged upon any occasion. Violent and long were the echoing reverberations of “the masks servants and carriages.” They might have been summoned all night. And yet, how to disclose the miserable, shabby truth. After all this parading, I was upon the brink of a discovery, that would have subjected us to the most accumulated sarcasm. Friend, said I, as to our carriages and servants—I—I—suppose. —“ You suppose (replied Grace, dreading the consequence)—the fellows ought to lose their places. They hear us now, all the while; the positive and obstinate rascals, and, won’t answer us. I desire, Sir William, (he knighted me in an instant) I desire, Sir William, you will strip off their liveries, and, in great anger, turn them out of doors this very night.” What was to be done? I humoured the deception, and promised to be in as great a passion as was necessary; vowing

‘vowing I would not suffer either of the
‘villains to sleep another night under my
‘roof. I kept my word, and the matter
‘was all very coolly settled, without a bustle;
‘for where there is nobody to quarrel with,
‘why should a man scold outrageously? The
‘servants began to take part even against our
‘servants; and one of them was so exceedingly
‘civil, as to set off to tell his master our
‘calamity, that we might go home like
‘ourselves, in his own chariot. In the mean
‘time, as it happened, our hack, with all the
‘dirt of the day’s drudgery hanging at its
‘wheels, and splashed over its body, was driven
‘up pretty near us. Truth to say, we were
‘both ashamed to own any acquaintance
‘with it. There was by this time, a noise
‘upon the stairs; the moment of retreat
‘was before us. Vehemently vowing to strip
‘our servants to the skin, as soon as they
‘should come home, we resolved not to stay
‘for them, and, contrary to all persuasion,
‘padded it away upon the pavement, in
‘masquerade.’

I hope my young readers will make proper
observations on the above stories; and, by
avoiding the follies they meant to ridicule,
escape the mortification and inconvenience,
which must ever attend an improper and too
expensive love of pleasure.

R E T I R E.

R E T I R E M E N T.

The mind not taught to think, no useful store
 To fix reflection, dreads the vacant hour:
 Turn'd on itself its num'rous wants are seen,
 And all the mighty void that lies within.
 Yet cannot wisdom stamp our joys complete,
 'Tis conscious virtue crowns the blest retreat:
 Who feels not that, the private path must shun,
 And fly to publick view t'escape his own:
 In life's gay scenes uneasy thoughts suppress,
 And lull each envious care in dreams of peace.
 'Midst foreign objects not employ'd to roam,
 Thought, sadly active, still corrodes at home:
 A serious moment breaks the false repose,
 And guilt in all its naked horror shews.

A. Z.

WHEN the gay hours of life are past,
 many will court RETIREMENT, and as ea-
 gerly fly the cheerful haunts of men, as
 they once sought to find them. Ah! why
 not sometimes retire from the world before
 it retires from us! Why not accustom our-
 selves to a habit of conversing with our
 own hearts, before the tempestuous voy-
 age of life is too far advanced to render
 our secession from the world a matter of
 necessity to ourselves, and indifference to
 others? By sometimes withdrawing from
 the gay scenes with which we are sur-
 rounded, we give ourselves an opportuni-
 ty of discovering their futility, and, by par-
 taking

taking them frugally, we enjoy them with a double degree of relish and satisfaction. By such temporary seclusions we have sufficient time to look into our own minds, and to settle our accounts with conscience; which if we defer doing too long, grows so complicate, and difficult to make out with accuracy, that, like bad book-keepers, we omit recollecting many articles it would be greatly to our interest should not remain unsettled.

Retired pleasures are by far the most lasting and satisfactory; less hurtful to health, less injurious to fortune, and more congenial to peace of mind, than the bustling and unsatisfying pleasures of a dissipated world. A few congenial, sincere and generous friends are necessary, to make life pleasant, and a few simple amusements sufficient to fill up our leisure time. We could not be said to live, without society: a life of absolute seclusion from our fellow creatures would be as unpleasant as it would be singular and useless. We were formed to serve, enliven, and be friendly with each other: and this social and benign purpose may be accomplished without living perpetually in a crowd, or being constantly engaged. I know none more to be pitied than those who have no hours they can call their own. They may be justly said to make a toil of pleasure, and a bankrupt of their
their

their time. Air and exercise are not more necessary or conducive to the health of the body, than retirement to the benefit and vigour of the mind. A few hours set apart every day for serious reflection will neither injure the complexion nor impair the constitution; nor will the sometimes retiring from the world hurt the spirits, or deprive us of a proper love for society; on the contrary, it will give us a better taste, and a higher relish for the amusements and relaxations we find it convenient and pleasant to allow ourselves; whilst the person who can find time to attend to every body and every thing but themselves, may justly be said to enjoy nothing; and by continually running from one scene of diversion to another, meet neither pleasure nor amusement at any. Ever weary, without having any thing to do, and always busy, without one useful employment.

Whilst those who are content to partake the pleasures of life with moderation, may really be said to enjoy them truly. And even those who are engaged in the toils and business of life, in order to procure support for themselves and families, may steal a few hours from sleep, to retire from the cares and anxieties of the world, to improve their minds, and (if I may use the expression,) converse with themselves.—

Others,

Others, who are blest with affluence or independence, can withdraw as often as they please to enjoy this most enviable and useful indulgence, in order to prepare and arm their minds with fortitude and resignation to encounter the trials of life. It is necessary, sometimes, to exclude ourselves from the world, in order to relish it properly, to reconcile ourselves to what Providence has thought fit to deny us, and to reflect with gratitude on the many blessings his bounty has bestowed. Then will discontent be banished from our hearts, and either in the bustle of the world, or the bosom of retirement, we shall find ourselves equally disposed to be pleased and satisfied.

How wretched that unfurnish'd mind,
Which, to each vain pursuit inclin'd,
Is ever bent to roam !
Oh ! be that restless state abhorr'd !
Seek not for happiness abroad ;
She's only found at home !

Ye sages, who, with anxious care,
Rov'd thro' the fleeting tracts of air,
A vacuum to find ;
Wiser had ye employed your skill,
With solid sense and worth to fill
The vacuum of the mind.

Let

Let choice, not wrinkled spleen engage
 The mind to quit the world's gay stage,
 Where folly's scenes are play'd,
 Sour discontent and pining care
 Attaint the fragrance of the air,
 Disturb the silent shade.

Mrs. Cooper's Ode to Solitude

M O D E S T Y.

Mothers, 'tis said, in days of old,
 Esteem'd their girls more choice than gold:
 Too well a daughter's worth they knew,
 To make her cheap by public view:
 (Few who their diamonds value weigh,
 Expose those diamonds every day)
 Then, if Sir Plume drew near and smil'd,
 The parent trembled for her child:
 The first advance alarm'd her breast,
 And fancy pictured all the rest.
 But now no mother fears a foe,
 No daughter shudders at a beau.

DR. COTTON'S VISIONS.

MODESTY, however it may of late
 have been exploded, unpatronized, and
 driven to the necessity of concealing itself
 from the pointed observations of unfeeling
 ridicule, or the rude stare of incorrigible
 impudence (the ugly mask of ignorance
 and depravity); though abused as an auk-
 ward and unfashionable incumbrance, and
 banished from many of our public places,
 left

lest it should be any restraint on the votaries of dissipation, has still a friend and secret admirer in every virtuous bosom.

In my opinion, there cannot be a more captivating or interesting object than a young girl who with timid modesty enters a room filled with a mixed company. The blush, which diffuses its crimson on her cheek, is not only the most powerful charm of beauty, but does honour to the innocence of her heart, and has a peculiar claim on the tender and generous feelings of every susceptible mind. Her artless confusion and retiring delicacy merit indulgence, and demand universal respect; whilst the insolent joke, rude double entendre, or sly insinuation that her affectation may be seen through the rosy veil it has artfully borrowed, deserves instant chastisement and general contempt. To insult or distress modesty, is too commonly the degrading humour of unblushing vice.

It has of late years been thought necessary to introduce young people early into what is called *Life*, in order that this rustick and beautiful diffidence might not expose them to the observation and ridicule of the fashionable world. Mistaken notion! cruel innovation on the sweet simplicity of youth and innocence!—What an opinion does it give a rational and thinking mind

mind of modern refinements, which have so dangerous a tendency!

In former ages, a modest and diffident woman was sure to meet with general respect, and appeared to have a just demand on every one for protection. Vice then fled, to conceal its ugliness and deformity from the penetrating eyes of the world; and the wily libertine, the unprincipled gambler, or the known votaries of Bacchus, were shunned, as monsters formed to destroy; whilst the poor victims of their baseness unable to support the humiliating distresses which their own weakness and the frailties of others had brought upon them, attoned, by years of penitence and voluntary obscurity, for a few hours of guilt, folly, and believing tenderness.

But the countenance and indulgence which has for so long a period been extended to fashionable seduction, has rendered too many regardless of censure and fearless of consequences. The unhappy daughters of frailty by being often seen, seldom rob us of a tear; and at the time their miseries are beheld with contempt or indifference by their own sex, and are either encouraged or insulted by the other, they are deprived of hope by cruelty, or bribed into a continuance in guilt, till they become too hardened for repentance; and often after a life of misery, end their wretched

wretched existence the victims of folly, persecution, despair and want.

Hapless children of indiscretion! Whilst the good, humane and benevolent behold your sufferings with an eye of tender compassion, and pray for your reformation, your hearts will not be so indulgent to your own failings, you will ever at times, in the bitterness of anguish, lament your first deviation from the safe, serene and pleasant paths of modest innocence; and in the serious moments of reflection (for such moments there will be found to steal upon you, could you even secure your selves a constant residence in the house of joy) regret the heart-rending pangs your imprudence brought on your unfortunate parents: and till the cold hand of death has closed those eyes which once sparkled with the soft emanation of unfulled purity, lament your disregard of the divine precepts of religion, the basis of every virtue.

May this true, though painful description, of those unhappy females, who have fallen into the snarls of guilt, check a too eager desire after pleasure in the youthful mind unspotted with a crime! May it suppress all impatient desires of being early introduced into a world from which they have so much to fear, and so little to hope!

Lock

Look into yourselves, learn wisdom, and acquire experience, before you venture into the dangerous vortex of beguiling pleasure. If you cannot find contentment in the sweet security of domestic enjoyments, be assured you will never find happiness abroad.

I cannot take leave of this subject without introducing a few passages from the *Æconomy of Human Life*, a work every page of which contains a lesson of wisdom.

‘ Give ear, fair daughter of love, to
‘ the instructions of prudence, and let the
‘ precepts of truth sink deep into thine
‘ heart; so shall the charms of thy mind
‘ add lustre to the elegance of thy form;
‘ and thy beauty, like the rose it resem-
‘ bleth, shall retain its sweetness when
‘ its bloom is withered.

‘ In the spring of thy youth, in the
‘ morning of thy days, when the eyes of
‘ men gaze on thee with delight, and na-
‘ ture whispereth in thine ear the meaning
‘ of their looks; ah! hear with caution
‘ their seducing words, guard well thy
‘ heart, nor listen to their soft persuasions.

‘ Who is she that winneth the heart of
‘ man, that subdueth him to love, and
‘ reigneth in his breast?

‘ Lo! yonder she walketh in maiden
‘ sweetness, with innocence in her mind,
‘ and modesty on her check.

VOL. I

C

‘ Her

‘ Her hand seeketh employment, her
‘ foot delighteth not in gadding abroad.

‘ She is clothed with neatness, she is fed
‘ with temperance; humility and meek-
‘ ness are as a crown of glory circling her
‘ head.

‘ On her tongue dwelleth music, the
‘ sweetness of honey floweth from her lips.

‘ Decency is in all her words, in her
‘ answers are mildness and truth.

‘ Submission and obedience are the les-
‘ sons of her life, peace and happiness are
‘ her reward.

‘ Before her steps walketh Prudence,
‘ and Virtue attendeth at her right hand.

‘ Her breast is the mansion of good-
‘ ness, and therefore she suspecteth no evil
‘ in others.

‘ Happy were the man that should make
‘ her his wife, happy the child that shall
‘ call her mother.’

H A P.

H A P P I N E S S.

Oh Happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content, whate'er thy name;
That something still which prompts th'eternal sigh;
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool, and wise.
Plant of celestial seed? if dropt below,
Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow.

POPE.

WE are all eager after HAPPINESS. We seek for it in ten thousand different forms and situations: but alas! we return from the pursuit weary and disappointed. To be happy is not the lot of many; to be contented is in every one's power. It was never designed by Providence that perfect happiness should be found on earth: and so blind and undiscerning are we, mortals, we often lose the blessing, in the methods we take to obtain it.

The avaricious man will toil early and late, and expect to find happiness in the abundance of his wealth; but the anxiety which he feels, to preserve the riches he has acquired, prevents the enjoyment he expected; whilst his unwillingness to part with the smallest portion of his treasures proves, that it is not to be obtained by wealth.

The warrior will go in search of happiness in the rough and thorny paths of glory: but she is of too timid, too gentle a nature to be found amidst the horrors of devouring war, and retires affrighted from carnage and cruelty. She delights not in those scenes of blood and devastation, which will too often carry the hero on to conquest, and from which he returns without the treasure he vainly sought.

Royalty, pomp, rank, power, and ambition, the regal dome, the sculptured marble, the painted ceiling, the gilded furniture, the diamond's blaze, often surround those who are strangers to Happiness. —Look at yon humble cottage: its unambitious, its guiltless inhabitants, are far more likely to possess the treasure. They venture not to mix with the throng that are hurrying into the broad and crowded road of ambition. Exempt from the tumults and stratagems of a busy world, they find happiness in the peaceful vale of un aspiring humility; and by having no nice refinements, no artificial, no unnecessary wants or wishes, obtain a larger portion of her favours than those who seek her amidst the gaudy externals of fashionable life, and the burdensome forms of etiquette. *Religion* stands at her right hand, *Virtue* at her left: she is attended by *Truth* and *Innocence*: *Rectitude* and
Resignation

Resignation are her bosom friends. If you wish to find *Happiness*, you must have the same *attendants*, or, be assured you will never succeed.

But expect not perfect happiness in any station: it never can be yours, till the "mortal has put on immortality, the corruptible incorruption." Be content to resign the present, and fail not to use your unwearied endeavours to secure the future. Thin is the partition that separates this life from the next. The succeeding hour may summon you from earth: therefore despair not.—Though you are surrounded with affliction, tortured by pain, or labouring under all the hardships and miseries of poverty, if you have faith in your Redeemer, and have insured the favour of your God, you walk on a sure foundation; your search is ended; you have discovered the secret by which alone the prize can be gained, your happiness is secure, beyond the power of any thing on earth to destroy. By conquering the fear of death, the grand essential is obtained, earth's fleeting grandeur may pass away: you may be severely tried, whilst you see the infamous and guilty prosper: time and death, may have robbed you of those you loved more than life: the world may slight you, and your friends, like those of holy Job, abuse and forsake you: still you will be blessed, com-
C 3
pared

pared with the miserable being, who, enjoying every good this world can give, has lost his dependence on his God, and his hope of an happy immortality.

Fearless he sees, who is with virtue crown'd,
The tempest rage, and hears the thunder sound;
Most truly noble, who, contemning fate,
In midst of spears and javelins keeps his state;
Compos'd and firm he stands, nor shrinks to feel
The piercing arrow, or the pointed steel;
Disdaining chance, regardless he looks down,
Ever the same, whether she smile or frown;
Serenely as he lived resigns his breath,
Meets destiny half way, nor grieves at death.

LORD LANDSDOWN.

The following excellent allegory is said to be the production of an ancient and respectable poet.

When Jupiter took into his hands the government of the world, the several parts of nature, with their presiding deities, did homage to him; one presenting him with a mountain of winds; another with a magazine of hail; and a third with a pile of thunderbolts. The stars offered up their influence; the ocean gave in his trident, the earth her fruits, and the sun his seasons. Among the several deities who came to make their court on this occasion, the destinies advanced with two great tuns carried before them, one of which they fixed at the right hand of Jupiter,

Jupiter, as he sat on his throne; and the other on his left. The first was filled with all the blessings, and the other with all the calamities of human life. Jupiter, in the beginning of his reign, finding the world much more innocent than it is in this iron age, poured very plentifully out of the tun that stood at his right hand; but as mankind degenerated, and became unworthy of his blessings, he set abroach the other vessel, that filled the world with pain and poverty, battles and distempers, jealousy and falshood, intoxicating pleasures and untimely deaths. He was at length so very much incensed at the great depravation of human nature, and the repeated provocations which he received from all parts of the earth, that having resolved to destroy the whole species, except Deucalion and Pyrra, he commanded the destinies to gather up the blessings which he had thrown away upon the sons of men, and lay them up till the world should be inhabited by a more virtuous and deserving race of mortals. The three sisters immediately repaired to the earth, in search of the several blessings that had been scattered on it, but found the task which was enjoined them to be much more difficult than they had imagined. The first places they resorted to as the most likely to succeed in, were cities, palaces, and courts;

but instead of meeting with what they looked for here, they found nothing but envy, repining, uneasiness, and the like bitter ingredients, of the left hand vessel. Whereas, to their great surprise, they discovered content, cheerfulness, health, innocence, and other the most substantial blessings of life in cottages, shades, and solitudes. There was another circumstance, no less unexpected than the former, and which gave them very great perplexity in the discharge of the trust which Jupiter had committed to them. They observed that several blessings had degenerated into calamities, and that several calamities had improved into blessings, according as they fell into the possession of wise or foolish men. They often found power, with so much insolence and impatience cleaving to it, that it became a misfortune to the person on whom it was conferred. Youth had often distempers growing about it, worse than the infirmities of old age. Wealth was sometimes united to such sordid avarice, as made it the most uncomfortable and painful kind of poverty; on the contrary, they often saw pain made glorious by fortitude, poverty lost in content, deformity beautified with virtue. In a word the blessings were frequently found like good fruits planted in a bad soil, that by degrees fall off from their
natural

natural relish, into tastes altogether insipid or unwholesome; and the calamities, like harsh fruits, cultivated in a good soil, and enriched by proper grafts and inoculations, till they swell with generous and delightful juices.

There was still a third circumstance that occasioned as great a surprize to the three sisters as either of the foregoing, when they discovered several blessings and calamities which had never been in the tuns, that stood by the throne of Jupiter, and were notwithstanding as great occasions of happiness or misery as any there.

These were that spurious crop of blessings which were never sown by the hand of the deity, but grew of themselves out of the fancies and dispositions of human creatures; such as dress, titles, place, equipage, false shame and groundless fear, that shoot up in trifling, weak and irresolute minds.

The destinies finding themselves in so great a perplexity, concluded, that it would be impossible for them to execute the commands that had been given them according to their first intention; for which reason they agreed to throw all the blessings and calamities together into one large vessel, and in that manner offer them up at the feet of Jupiter.

This was performed accordingly; the eldest sister presented herself before the vessel, and introduced it with an apology for what they had done as follows:

‘ Oh Jupiter, (said she) we have gathered together all the good and evil, the comforts and distresses of human life, which we thus present before thee in one promiscuous heap: we beseech thee that thou thyself wilt sort them out for the future, as in thy wisdom thou shalt think fit; for we acknowledge that there is none beside thee, that can judge what will occasion grief or joy in the heart of a human creature, and what will prove a blessing or a calamity to the person on whom it is bestowed.’

GRATITUDE AND AFFECTION DUE TO PRECEPTORS.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young ideas how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o’er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

THOMSON.

I FEEL so irresistible an impulse to address the younger part of my readers on
this

this truly interesting subject, as I cannot think of suppressing, that they may understand the nature of those obligations they owe to all entrusted with their education, in order to their ever retaining a proper respect and gratitude for those who undertook to form their yielding, but untutored minds.

It is undoubtedly vrey delightful 'To teach the young idea how to shoot.' The sweet thought was truly parental. To the truth of the poet's observation every fond parent's heart will give corroborating testimony, by a thousand pleasant sensations, often felt, but not to be described. But to them who have the care of a number of young people, without those tender and all-subduing ties which unite the parent to the child, and which render that a task, which nature and affection, on the other hand, converts to a pleasure, it is an arduous undertaking. I know of no labour more fatiguing, no charge more important, no confinement more irksome, than attending to the education of youth; particularly of those whose wayward dispositions, perverse tempers, and unruly conduct, delight in distressing the heart of the good preceptor, or wring with disappointment and shame that of the careful and watchful governess.

It

It is not always in the power of every parent to undertake the education of their children : neither is it incumbent on them. Business, the numerous avocations of an active life, and often the want of abilities, are sufficient reasons for their yielding them up to the care of others : and happily for the young people of this nation, there are a number of such excellent seminaries of learning, as render it less necessary for parents to perform that part of duty themselves.—There are likewise a thousand advantages to be met with in a public education, which are not to be found at home ; on the contrary, many arguments might be used in behalf of private tuition : but where there are only one or two young people, the spirit of emulation is in a great measure lost, and they have much fewer opportunities of forming connections, which are often of great service to them in their progress through life, and by being sent from home, they are weaned from many pernicious and improper indulgences, which make them more fit to encounter a harsh and not very indulgent world. On the contrary, it may be argued that they are more in danger from the influence of bad example. But as those who set bad examples seldom pass unpunished, I am inclined to think, the degradation which they
see

see them exposed to suffer has a much greater and more lasting influence upon the mind, in deterring them from vicious practices, than any account which they may read of in the records of truth or fiction, respecting the punishment of vice, or the pleasant rewards of a contrary conduct.

I know many worthy clergymen who have undertaken the important charge of "rearing the tender thought," who, I am convinced, make the strict discharge of their duty the business, the study, and the pleasure of their lives. They are entitled to the respect of the old, and the gratitude of the young. So useful and beneficial an employment, instead of degrading, adds greatly to the importance and dignity of their character.

I likewise know many of my own sex, who have equally and zealously performed the duties of their station, in the education of young women, who have proved very shining ornaments to the present age, and may be quoted as examples of genius and worth to future generations.

Next to the parent, and nearest relatives, the worthy preceptor, and the tender and careful preceptress, are entitled to your grateful affection; and to observe their precepts is as much your duty, as it is theirs to enforce them: pay then a just
and

and attentive respect to their admonitions : observe their lessons, obey their commands, and by so doing render their undertaking of advantage to yourselves, and as little troublesome to them as possible : be thankful for every indulgence they bestow, and think them not unkind for those which are denied, because improper. Complain not of them if you meet with humiliation, or punishment, when you are in fault ; for be assured, to the feeling heart endued with sensibility and good sense, it would be more pleasant to reward than punish. And whoever amongst you are so fortunate as to have been placed, or still continue under the care of amiable and worthy people, anxious for your making a progress in wisdom or virtue, consider them as having an equal claim to your love, esteem, gratitude and attention as they have to the salary allowed for your board. And in every future period of your lives you should remember those with affection, who “ reared the tender thought, “ and taught the young idea how to “ shoot,” till it blossomed into virtue, and reached the lofty summit of wisdom and useful knowledge.

When you have left the school, and are going to enter the vortex of a world to which you are new, repay the labours of your preceptors by convincing them that
you

you retain the remembrance of their instructions, and reward these your parental friends by letting them enjoy the sweet satisfaction of seeing the truth of their well directed precepts exemplified in the interesting conduct of a pure and blameless life.

C O N S C I E N C E.

O TREACH'ROUS Conscience! while she seems to sleep
 On rose and myrtle, lull'd with syren song;
 While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
 On headlong appetites the slacken'd rein,
 And give us up to licence, unrecall'd,
 Unmark'd;—see from behind her secret stand,
 The sly informer minutes every fault,
 And her dread diary with horror fills.

Conscience, what art thou? 'Thou tremendous pow'r!
 Who dost inhabit us without our leave;
 And art within ourselves, another self;
 A master self, that loves to domineer,
 And treat the monarch frankly as the slave,
 How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds?
 Make the past, present, and the future frown?
 How, ever and anon, awake the soul,
 As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors,
 In this long restless dream, which idiots hug,
 Nay, wise men flatter with the name of life?

YOUNG.

“C O N S C I E N C E, what art thou?”
 The jest of fools, a scourge to the profane,

fane, a terror to the unbeliever. Again, what art thou? A friend, a true consoling friend to the virtuous sufferer, an unceasing reward to the good, a monitor to those who will listen to the language of sincerity, a support and generous benefactor to those who cherish the soul-reviving hope of everlasting life. Attend, therefore, my beloved children and young readers, who are unhackneyed in the ways of vice, or the practice of deceit, to the silent but faithful admonitions of Conscience, which is undoubtedly an emanation of the Deity, and which, though unseen by mortal eye, was ordained to be a check upon our unruly passions, a curb to our improper desires, a secret, but an ample rewarder of every good action, though it passed unheeded by the world. Those, who affect to laugh at what they call an imaginary monster, and the bugbear of age and ignorance, be assured, have often in secret felt its terrors, and trembled at the scorpion sting of a wounded conscience in the stern moments of self-conviction.

The Atheist, who can dare to deny the existence of a God; and the Deist, who would wish to deceive himself with the hopes of sinking into everlasting oblivion, who has been blind to every living and convincing proof of conviction, who, because he dreaded to give up his account,

would

would be satisfied to die like the vegetable tribe, rather than have it called for, and whose interest it would be to expire, like the beasts that perish, and are thought of no more.—Such deluded wretches have often been obliged, in their last moments, to acknowledge the power of Conscience, and would gladly have given all their worldly possessions to have effected a reconciliation with that restless agent, which they had, through life, pretended to despise, and which they disregarded and denied at the very instant they felt themselves unable to silence its reproaches, or abate the poignancy of that anguish their own reflections occasioned.

If, therefore, you wish to have your mind at peace with itself, you must keep a clear and fair account with Conscience; cherish the invisible guest; and if it should be troublesome, when you act contrary to what is right, attempt not to rob your bosom of a faithful friend by disregarding its secret admonitions. Settle your account with it as soon as possible; and be assured, you will find yourselves amply repaid by the complacency, composure, and satisfaction it will spread over your minds, when you have repented your fault, or performed a good and virtuous action, for which it will never reproach you—a sure proof of the care of that guardian Providence

dence which is ever watchful over the creatures he has formed.

Let the Atheist deny his God—the Deist, like a prodigal, and spendthrift, give up his hopes of an everlasting inheritance in the regions of the blessed—or the libertine boast of his insensibility to the motions of conscience, and prophanely ridicule its power—Disbelieve their united assertions—listen to none of their pernicious and dangerous arguments. Let no one, by his delusive sophistry, rob you of the delightful, the all-cheering hope of being happy for ever, and in so doing deprive you of every chance of securing that invaluable inheritance. The misery which often attends vice and unbelief, even in this world, carries with it a sufficient proof of their being obnoxious and displeasing to the great Author of our being; and therefore, if virtue is necessary to our happiness, whilst we are only pilgrims upon earth, it naturally follows that virtue alone must be the guide to an happy immortality.

Many will complain of having passions given them with whom they were sentenced to wage perpetual war—reduce them to their proper stations; peace will quickly ensue, they will then prove your friends, and firm allies.

When

When reason, like the skilful charioteer,
Can break the fiery passions to the bit,
And, spite of their licentious sallies keep
The radiant track of glory ; passions, then,
Are aids and ornaments. Triumphant reason,
Firm in her seat, and swift in her career,
Enjoys their violence ; and, smiling, thanks
Their formidable flame, for high renown.

YOUNG.

To conquer our passions is the province of reason, and ought to be the study and endeavour of every rational and thinking being. We were undoubtedly placed in a state of probation, to render us fit and more deserving of immortality. Gold is purified seven times in the fire ; and as the soul of man, when it has properly been tried in the furnace of affliction, or stood firm against the lures of prosperity, is far more valuable than the gold of Ophir.— Surely it deserves as careful a process.

We are all taught to believe that our rewards will certainly be proportioned to our endeavours, and deserts. Here, then, is a fine field opened for the most laudable, the most noble and lasting ambition. — Leave the subtle casuist to his arguments, the unbeliever to his delusions and doubts ; be it your only study to act the part of a Christian, and a faithful follower of Jesus Christ. “ What a fool art thou,” said the young

young libertine to the hermit, “ if there “ is not another life after this ? ” — “ But “ how much greater fool art thou,” replied the hermit, “ if there should be “ one ! ” No philosopher, after the most abstruse study, produced an argument that carried greater weight. Remember the hermit, and give the same answer if any one attempts to shake your faith, by ridiculing the practice of self-denial, or the purity and innocence of your life.

I cannot conclude this paper with greater satisfaction to myself than by introducing the hymn composed by Milton, in which Adam and Eve call upon the whole creation to join with them in praising their common Maker. 'Tis so sublime a composition that it is not possible it should be read without producing in the minds of every one an awful idea of the Deity to whom it was addressed ; and at the same time it contains such a delightful description of his infinite benevolence, and the grandeur of his design in having formed this magnificent universe, as must silence every doubt of his continued mercy,— “ when this great globe itself, and all “ which it inherit, shall dissolve, and, like “ the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not “ a wreck behind.”

These

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair ; thyself how wond'rous then!
Unspeaking, who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine!
Speak ye who best can tell, ye son's of light,
Angels ; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in heav'n,
On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform ; and mix
And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change
Vary to your great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming leak, dusky or grey,
'Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise !
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.

His

His praise, ye winds, that from four quarter blows,
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,
 With ev'ry plant in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Join voices, all ye living souls ; ye birds,
 That singing up to heaven's gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep ;
 Witness, if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail ! universal Lord ! be bounteous still
 To give us only good ; and if the night
 Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

MILTON.

Mr. Addison's beautiful Hymn on GRATITUDE, likewise deserves your serious attention. Such compositions make so pleasing an impression upon the mind, they cannot be perused too frequently.

HYMN ON GRATITUDE.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
 The gratitude declare,
 That glows within my ravish'd heart?
 But thou canst read it there.

Thy

Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through

Thy

Through ev'ry period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death in distant worlds
 The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
 A joyful song I'll raise:
 For O! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

ADDISON.

THE IMPORTANCE OF TIME.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
 But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
 It is the knell of my departed hours:
 Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.

Procrastination is the thief of time;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled.

YOUNG.

TO make a proper use of that short
 and uncertain portion of time allotted us
 for our mortal pilgrimage, is a proof of
 wisdom; to use it with œconomy, and dis-
 pose

pose of it with care, the province of prudence and discretion. Consider this address on so important and interesting a subject, with the utmost attention, and let but a very small portion of your time escape without making it subservient to the wise purposes for which it was given you; 'tis the most inestimable of treasures.

Observe the wary and trembling miser—how carefully he conceals his shining hoard; with what a brow of anxiety and care, with what guarded caution he secures his beloved gold. Poor misguided son of error! To lose the substance for the shadow! Whilst watching the riches which his grovelling soul delights to contemplate, but which his niggard spirit will not let him enjoy, time flies unmarked, unnoticed; that far more invaluable treasure is squandered with profuseness and inattention. From the sordid miser, from the unthinking sons and daughters of frolic and dissipation, learn wisdom. Leave the one to lose his precious moments in securing his useless wealth, and the others with pity to their equally pernicious and unprofitable follies. Be warned by their example, and snatch the precious minutes as they fly, to improve yourselves in useful knowledge; venture not to waste one hour, lest the next should not be yours to squander; hazard not a single day in guilty or improper pursuits,

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suits, lest the day which follows should be ordained to bring you an awful summons to the tomb ; a summons to which youth and age are equally liable to receive.

You will find a constant employment of your time conducive to health, happiness, and pleasure ; and not only the surest guard against the dangerous encroachments of vice, but the best recipe for contentment. Seek employment, languor and ennui shall be unknown. Avoid idleness, banish sloth ; vigor and cheerfulness will be your enlivening companions ; admit not guilt to your hearts, and terror shall not interrupt your slumbers. Follow the footsteps of Virtue ; walk steadily in her paths ; she will conduct you through pleasant and flowery scenes to the Temple of Peace ; she will guard you from the wily snares of Vice, and heal the wounds of sorrow and disappointment which time may inflict.

Virtue has a numerous train of pleasures, a number of faithful and incorruptible attendants. A mind at peace with itself, and a stranger to intentional guilt, is not only a never-failing friend in the hour of trial, but a perpetual source of placid delight, whilst we are rapidly going down the stream of time. Though the world should frown, and the tempest threaten from afar, all within shall be serenity

renity and harmony; though discord should walk abroad, though pestilence and famine should depopulate your native kingdom, the clamours of the one, and the horrors of the other, however grievous and unpleasant, will neither impress your souls with fear, nor rob them of conscious peace.

By being constantly and usefully employed, the destroyer of mortal happiness will have but few opportunities of making his baneful attacks, and by regularly filling up your precious moments, you will be less exposed to dangers, and in a manner guarded against the numberless snares and errors in which idleness would perpetually involve you.

Yet think not, my children, nor let any of my young readers suppose, I am so rigid and austere as to wish them continually engaged in the warfare and practice of self-denial. Kind Providence exacts no rigid discipline: nor does the Almighty listen with a more favourable ear to the prayers of the *poor enthusiastic Monk*, hurried over at a time when his nature requires repose, than he does to those who mix with society, and enjoy the harmless pleasures of the world. The duties of social life are strongly inculcated in that sacred volume, with which, I hope, you and all my readers are well acquainted,

but which the misery and gloomy inhabitants of the monastery must have strangely misunderstood.

From no innocent amusement suitable to your sex, age and situation, would I wish you to be excluded. Be cheerful as the birds of spring; but remember, if you wish to be so, you must be good and virtuous. Be lively and as full of gambols as the sportive lamb; but be as harmless. Be gentle as the dove, and imitate her sweetness. Be courageous as the lion; but let your courage be under the guidance and direction of mercy. Endeavour to soar like the eagle; but let your endeavours to excel, originate from virtue and a desire of doing good.

Choose your companions with caution, and be not unsteady in your attachments. Let not rank or situation determine your choice of them. Let them be such as you can love for their good qualities, and whose virtues you are desirous to emulate. If they are humane and benevolent, be assured, you will not find them envious, or prone to what is uncharitable and mean; if they are good humoured and unassuming, you will experience no mortification from their pride; if they will tell you of your faults with candour and sincerity, cherish them in your bosoms as a treasure; they will not basely slander you,

or endeavour to lessen your good qualities when you are absent. If such as I have described like your society, court their friendship, and encourage them to love you by the cheerfulness and sincerity with which you welcome them to your heart and habitation.

Fly with caution and determined resolution the slanderer, the babbler, or malicious railer, and never venture to repose any confidence in one whom you hear traduce or speak ill of a friend, with whom you have seen them appear on amicable terms; for be assured you will share the same fate, whenever an opportunity offers for the purpose. I remember hearing an anecdote, which is too applicable to my present subject to be omitted.

A lady, who went to spend an afternoon with a few social friends, was much disappointed, as well as the rest of the party, by the entrance of one remarkable for her talents in the art of detraction. She had not sat long, before she exhibited a specimen of her abilities, by giving the company a ludicrous account of a *friend*, whose house she had just left; and then proceeded to give a similar one of many others, who were so unfortunate as to be reckoned among the number of her *dear friends*.

The lady, whose pleasure had been interrupted by the entrance of this pest to society,

society, arose, and, after taking a polite leave of the mistress of the house, turned to Mrs. Slander, and, with a gentle tone of voice, told her, she would not rob her of her time, or longer deprive her of an opportunity of giving a further proof of her excellent talents, by taking *her off*.—But begged she would speak as *favourably* of her as possible, when she was gone.

The reproof was just:—it was felt for a moment; but minds of that unfortunate turn are not easily cured of a disease which too often proves infectious to the minds of others, and which, in my opinion, chiefly originates from idleness, and the want of knowing how to make a proper use of Time.

Observe a regular habit of reading, and a love of it will soon be acquired. Reading will prove an unceasing amusement for your leisure Time, and a pleasant resource in the hours of sorrow and discontent, an unfailing antidote against languor and indolence; but let your parents or judicious and careful friends, regulate your taste in the choice of your books. Venture not to trust to your own judgment; for it is among books as among human characters; many would prove dangerous and pernicious advisers. Intermix amusement with instruction. Many of our English novels contain moral and entertaining

taining lessons, and many of the characters are worthy imitation; others there are, would tend to mislead your imagination, and give rise to a thousand erroneous opinions and ridiculous expectations. The Spectators, the works of Richardson, Brooke, Burney, Cooper, Moore, Lee, may be read with delight, and cannot fail of improving your minds, and of affording you the highest entertainment. For your more serious reading, choose Young, Blair, Chapone, Gregory, Thomson, and the *Æconomy of Human Life*. Observe the precepts they contain, and be assured, if you follow such excellent guides, you cannot fail of acting right, and rendering yourselves useful and exemplary members of society.

In every cheerful mind a natural love of society is undoubtedly implanted; and not only a desire of mixing with the world, but the mind will at times sicken and languish for amusement. The theatre, in my opinion, affords one of the most rational of our public amusements. A good tragedy (I mean such in which the horrid and dangerous representation of self-destruction is not introduced) if it robs you of a few tears, will not fail to strengthen your mind with fortitude, and in the moments you are weeping at fictitious woe, soften your heart and interest your feelings

in behalf of real distress, whilst the sentiments of the poet will improve your ideas, captivate your attention, awaken and call into action your sensibility.

A good comedy is equally rational, and to the young and happy may prove more entertaining, whilst it gives them proper notions of genteel life, by representing the vices and follies going forwards amongst the dissipated and the gay part of the world. The present age affords an infinite variety of excellent comedies, which, if not quite so brilliant in point of wit as those of Cowley, Cibber, Beaumont and Fletcher, are far more interesting, and freer from a multiplicity of indelicacies, than those of the above-mentioned authors.

Masquerades, though frequented by people of the first fashion, may too justly be called the bane of every religious and moral virtue. There the dissipated great will condescend to mix with the vulgar little, the virtuous with the immodest, the artless with the profligate. In those nocturnal revels, schemes are often formed to betray the innocent, pollute the marriage bed, and complete the ruin of unspotted purity; and too often the conversation kept up in the assumed characters operate most powerfully against modesty and decorum. Let not then the splendor of the rooms, the brilliancy of their decorations, or the novelty

novelty of the scene, ever tempt you, my young friends, to venture thither. Shun these detestable meetings as you would a pestilential disease, and if ever requested to enter those abodes of darkness and disguise, be resolute in your refusal, and make that reply which the lady does to Comus, upon an invitation of the like import. ‘ I will not taste such treasonous offer; none but such as are good can give good things, and that which is not good is not delicious to a well governed appetite; therefore again I will not—when vice can bolt her arguments, and virtue has no tongue to check her pride.’

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain
 These simple blessings of the lowly train,
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway:
 Lightly they frolic o’er the vacant mind,
 Unenvy’d, unmolested, unconfin’d.
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array’d,
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
 And, e’en while fashion’s brightest arts decoy,
 The heart distrustful asks, if this be joy?

GOLDSMITH’S DESERTED VILLAGE.

Never fail to set apart a portion of your time to sooth and sympathise with the unfortunate,

fortunate, to alleviate the miseries of the distressed, to pour the balm of comfort into the wounded heart, and wipe away the tear from the afflicted. Recollect, even in your gayest moments, that you, like the rest of your fellow creatures, are subject to all the miseries, errors and infirmities, which flesh is heir to.

Benevolence and philanthropy are virtues the most generous and captivating, the most exalted to human nature: they are bright emanations of the Deity, which extend their divine influence to all around, and, like the rays of the sun, diffuse universal cheerfulness, enliven the dungeon's dreary gloom, and inspire hope in the solitary inhabitants of a prison. Though 'tis not in the power of every generous mind to extend that divine philanthropy, as that bright luminary Mr. HOWARD has done, to the remotest confines of the globe, or to practise that general benevolence which has long been the shining characteristic of a COOPER; yet every one has it in his own power to find room in his bosom for so heavenly a guest, and to let it be the ruling principle of his life and actions. Benevolence does not confine itself merely to the relieving the bodily wants of our fellow-creatures: it goes much farther: it extends to the preservation of their souls.

Never

Never find time to condemn or triumph over the fall of others, or to exult in their humiliation: but grudge it not, when called upon, to admire their virtues, or to rejoice in their prosperity.

I cannot conclude this paper, without inserting a few observations, and a letter, with which I was much pleased.

The accounts in some of the papers of many superb masquerades, put me in mind of a conversation I had some years ago with a particular friend, a man of sentiment and worth, a supreme despiser of what the great world call pleasure, but who extracted the most sublime happiness from a constant attention to the beauties of nature, which, as he used to say, were always within his and every one's grasp.

‘ When, (said he) one considers that
‘ man is a creature of imitation, one can-
‘ not but suppose, that if people of con-
‘ sequence would combine, they would
‘ find it just as easy, and infinitely more
‘ conducive to real pleasure, to make
‘ such amusements fashionable as would
‘ conduce to health, without the risque of
‘ dissipating their fortunes, as those which
‘ are sure to be the ruin of both; besides
‘ that the retrospect would certainly, to
‘ people of real good sense, yield greater
‘ entertainment.

- ‘ The

‘ The present turn of conversation is
‘ collected from the wonders every day
‘ produced in the great city. Has your
‘ grace honoured the pantheon with your
‘ presence since the lights were new plac-
‘ ed? Has your lordship seen Cox’s Mu-
‘ seum since the new addition of figures?

‘ Now, suppose it should once become
‘ a fashion to enquire, whether one saw
‘ the moon rise last night in “ clouded
‘ majesty?” Whether the company had
‘ observed the amazing lustre of the stars
‘ the preceding evening?’ Or the nor-
‘ thern lights some time ago? It is na-
‘ tural to believe that this conversation
‘ would have exactly the same effect of
‘ raising the curiosity of the hearers, and
‘ of prompting them to attend to the
‘ beauties observed by others, which they
‘ would as much regret the having missed
‘ the sight of, as a ball at Carlisle house.

‘ In fact, the glorious prospect of the
‘ firmament in a moon-light night, sur-
‘ passes in beauty and sublimity every other
‘ object that can be conceived, yet is dis-
‘ regarded for no other reason than that
‘ which ought to have the contrary effect;
‘ the benevolent reflection that we enjoy
‘ it in common with every individual.

‘ I will shew you, (said he) a letter of
‘ invitation which my sister, who you
‘ know always loved to be at the head of
‘ the

‘ the fashion, received from a friend in
‘ Yorkshire.’

“ MY DEAR MADAM,

“ As you have ever wondered at my
“ singular taste in preferring a life of re-
“ tirement to that of the charming bustle,
“ as you term it, of the gay world, you
“ will, perhaps be equally surprized when
“ I inform you, that I have laid a plan
“ for an uninterrupted succession of amuse-
“ ments for the ensuing summer, which
“ far exceed your pantheons, operas, &c.
“ &c.

“ At first, perhaps, the different hours
“ which I have settled, will appear rather
“ vulgar; but when we consider that no-
“ velty heightens every pleasure, and that
“ whatever is adopted by the gay world,
“ by becoming the fashion, soon loses its
“ vulgarity, that objection will be easily
“ surmounted.

“ After having premised thus much,
“ I hope your shock will not be violent,
“ when I tell you, they will begin at five
“ —in the morning.

“ The place is so contrived as to hold
“ several thousand people, and the fur-
“ niture such as cannot be matched in
“ London. One immense lamp will light
“ the whole to a degree that will make
“ those

“ those innumerable lustres you are used
“ to see, appear almost total darkness.
“ The floor will be covered with a beautiful green velvet, interspersed with
“ flowers of most exquisite workmanship;
“ the hangings such as no tapestry can
“ equal, and both that and the carpeting
“ are strewed with an infinity of gems of
“ the first water. I have for some years
“ past been preparing a collection of essences, which have the property of
“ exhilarating the spirits to an amazing
“ degree. In humble imitation of French
“ cookery, they are so equally blended
“ as to appear but one exquisite perfume,
“ although compounded of the greatest
“ variety. The fragrance of the primrose,
“ the violet, the rose, the pink, essence
“ of bean flowers, &c. &c. as well as
“ from every aromatic shrub that can be
“ named, will, at different times, perfume
“ the place.

“ The concert, which in the number
“ and skill of the performers, will exceed,
“ beyond all comparison, any which was
“ ever performed in London, will be
“ opened every morning with “ The
“ Lark’s Shrill Note, by Signor Mœvius.
“ —Then a plaintive duet between Signor
“ Columba and Signora Turtarella.—
“ Next will be a grand chorus, by the
“ following inimitable performers, Signors
“ Merle,

“ Merle, Pinson, Chardonnet, Grive, Linote, &c. the bass by Signor Rooker.

“ That I may not entirely depart from the London fashion, I have likewise prepared an evening's entertainment to close the pleasurable day, on which there will be a concert of another kind, and the place illuminated in a manner entirely different from that in the morning. There will be one large globe, surrounded by an innumerable quantity of small ones, hung in beautiful forms upon a ceiling of bright azure, such as no dye can produce. Besides the lights above, there will be several moveable ones dispersed about the sides. The first piece of music will be performed by Signor Mouch and Signora Mouchorora; then a solo by Signora Philomella, which will last the greatest part of the night, yet with such variety, that all will regret when it is over.

“ While the company are taking a repast in the house, I have endeavoured to procure the favour of Eolus, who has promised, if the wind is fair, to bring over his harp for the entertainment of the company. I have likewise engaged the nymph Echo, who undertakes, for one night, if I will provide only one performer, to fill up the concert with aerial beings, more harmonious

“ nious than any the most admired per-
“ formers from Italy.

“ If you can determine to leave the
“ town for a month, and make the expe-
“ riment of which amusement, that of
“ London or Yorkshire, deserves to bear
“ the bell, you will be joyfully received
“ by

“ Yours, &c.”

ON VISITING.

I love my house, and seldom roam;
Few visits please me more than home.
I pity that unhappy elf
Who loves all company but self.
By idle passions borne away
To op’ra, masquerade or play;
Fond to those hives where folly reigns,
And Britain’s peers receive her chains;
Where the pert virgin flights a name,
And scorns to redden into shame.

Dr. COTTON’S VISIONS.

I KNOW nothing more irksome, and unprofitable both to health, spirits, and a proper use of that short portion of time which is allotted us, than for young people to be constantly engaged in a round of visiting, in which too often neither the heart nor any of its tender affections are interested:

interested: it is, at best, to sacrifice a real good to a frivolous and unsatisfying use of those precious moments which might be better and more serviceably employed. In early youth, the more limited your acquaintance the better, and the less danger you will be in of finding yourselves deceived. You will in the progress of life meet with many—You will feel a propensity and generous inclination to love, and a number with whom you cannot bring yourselves to associate with pleasure, or to make yourselves acquainted. If therefore you are blessed with two or three real friends, consider yourselves as being particularly fortunate, and rest satisfied with having drawn such invaluable prizes in the lottery of life.

To be secluded from the world I would not wish you; but to be always engaged would be a still greater misfortune. The mind by that means would be rendered so dissipated, and the taste so vitiated as to lose all relish for the retired hour of sober reflection, which ought to be frequently set apart to enable you to look into yourselves, to read your own hearts, to inspect your affairs, and to correct whatever has been thoughtless or faulty in your conduct.

Conversation is now almost exploded from the circle of visiting parties, and, by a strange innovation and alteration of fashionable

fashionable etiquette, the card-table occupies the attention of almost every party who pay or receive visits; and the good or ill success of the game is the chief topic. If any one attempts to start a different subject, you will see, by the frowns and shrugs of the company, they are thought guilty of high treason against the immortal Hoyle, and are looked upon as babbling nuisances to the profound lovers of whist and quadrille.

To observe likewise the effect which the losing a few shillings will have on the minds of those who will, without reflection, give away their precious time, and without regret lose the all-cheering breezes of the finest summer evening to fit murmuring or exulting round the narrow boundaries of a card table, will at first most probably excite your wonder: for it has ever been a matter of astonishment to me, that so trifling a mortification, and one too to which we have voluntarily exposed ourselves, can be suffered to have so degrading an effect upon the temper; and if I were to hear ten thousand of these self-devoted sufferers complaining of Fortune, I should, like her blind ladyship, be inaccessible to pity.

Attempt not, therefore, to play at cards till you can lose your money with composure and good-nature, or win that of others with

with polite indifference: but never, on any account, venture to play for more than a trifling stake, let your situation in life be what it will. To accommodate yourselves to the humour of others, you must sometimes join the card-table: but let no one persuade you to play for more than you can afford to lose without inconvenience or regret: never be prevailed upon to sacrifice too large a portion of your time to complaisance, or to the neglect of any domestic duty, which may require your attending to with care and circumspection.

To people in the middle rank of life, keeping too much company has often been attended with consequences fatal to their affairs; and the ridiculous ambition of little folks associating with the great, has no doubt, added many a name to the list of bankrupts.

I once knew a couple that were happy and contented, till this unfortunate ambition took possession of their minds: from that ill-fated period every thing went wrong, and their affairs, like their ideas, were equally unfortunate. Their house must be altered, their rooms enlarged: stuff furniture gave place to silk, delph was removed for china, glass and silver glittered on the side board, the smell of tallow candels became offensive, and therefore wax lights must be introduced. In the article of dress, the

the whole family must be improved: the young ladies and gentlemen must never be seen but in silk, muslin, tambour, or gauze, sashes hanging down to their shoes, and often dragging on the ground, plumes of feathers nodding from their hats, and caps ornamented with flowers. The lady herself never chose to wear any thing but rich silks or sattins, and, by way of excuse for her folly, declared they were cheaper than trumpery lutestrings; whilst Mr. Campbell figured away in embroidered waistcoats and white silk stockings: their house was burthened with servants to attend the crowds of company which constantly filled their rooms, and who secretly despised their imprudence, and publicly laughed at their vanity. A carriage, too, was kept for the convenience of returning their numerous visits; and what was, if possible, still more ridiculous, whilst the real good of a comfortable fortune was wasting, and happiness sacrificed to the unmeaning and unsatisfactory folly of parade and shew, this unhappy and foolish couple felt themselves awkward and uncomfortable from having stepped out of their place, and from acting out of their real character. A few fleeting years terminated their career of folly and extravagance—an execution was entered on their goods—and a commission

commission of bankruptcy settled the whole account.

Being reduced to the necessity of beginning the world anew, they had been taught by dear bought experience, to set a proper value upon the necessaries of life; they, therefore carefully avoided venturing again to taste any of its luxuries. Industry and care took place of idleness and dissipation: shew was banished for substance, perseverance and success once more blessed them with ease and plenty, solid sense kept pride from making any innovations in their way of living, and they are content to pay a proper respect to their smiling superiors, without wishing to be enrolled amongst the lists of their acquaintance: the young masters and misses thrive as well, and feel as much at their ease, in cotton or stuff, as they had ever done in silks or muslins, whilst their mother finds herself very comfortable, and is now content to visit her neighbours in a white dimity gown.

To mix with our superiors is undoubtedly very desirable on many accounts, if we have a sufficient command over ourselves to keep our wishes and desires within the proper bounds of prudence and discretion: but never let a vain ambition of being noticed by the great, render you meanly servile to their humours, or subservient to their vices. The character of

a toad

a toad-eater, flatterer, or sycophant, is truly detestable: 'tis a degradation of human nature, and those who can meanly stoop to sacrifice their principles to their ambition, could as easily, and with less trouble, sacrifice their best friend to any one who could pay a higher price for their adulation and hypocrisy. To associate with those of an equal station with yourselves, or even those of a rank immediately above you, is undoubtedly commendable: but of all absurdities it is the first to copy the manners of the great, by endeavouring to appear upon an equality with them beyond what your income will afford: it is worse than living in a desert, of which the following little history is a faithful but sad example.

A young half-pay officer, who resided at York, spent a fortune of four hundred pounds a year in treating all the great folks in the neighbourhood, and those who arrived from London on occasional visits to that city.

After the last acre was eaten up, on finding the neighbourhood looked very cold upon him, he and his lady came up to town to see their noble and honourable friends, to pass the winter with them, and with an eager expectation of the captain getting

getting on full pay : but of near fifty cards —which he delivered, three visits only were returned, which were followed by a single invitation, and this was given by an old debauchee on account of his wife, who was young, handsome and engaging. She however was proof against prostitution, and shuddered at seduction. What was the consequence? The captain mortgaged his half-pay to a Jew, and died of a fever within a few weeks—in the King's bench prison. The unhappy widow returned into Yorkshire to an ill-natured sister, where she did not long survive. She left behind her three helpless children, who were sent to the poor house, and from thence respectively apprenticed by the parish to the most servile and laborious trades and occupations.

Let not, therefore, the desire of associating with the higher ranks of life, or of appearing what you are not, mislead you from the safe and peaceful path of unassuming rectitude. Envy not the splendour of the great, covet not their enjoyments, look not upon their diamonds, with a desire to possess them, wish not for their luxuries, which too often are the introduction of various diseases : be not desirous of feeling the weight of their embroidered cloaths, or lolling in a splendid equipage : a coach is often the gilded vehicle which conveys many

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ny a languid body that conceals an aching, discontented, or guilty heart. If you have not so much wealth as many others, be assured you have fewer cares, and though you are obliged to walk many a weary step, remember that health is the first of human blessings, and gives a pleasing relish to every innocent enjoyment. The following letters being applicable to the present subject, is a sufficient reason for inserting them in this place.

‘ *To the PARENTAL MONITOR.*

‘ MADAM,

‘ AS I know of none to whom I can
‘ more properly apply than yourself, your
‘ present employment being to give advice
‘ to the young and inexperienced, I will
‘ not attempt to make any excuses for trou-
‘ bling you with this letter.

‘ I am a young woman, who have not
‘ yet seen eighteen years of life, and hav-
‘ ing been brought up in ease and idle
‘ gentility, and my mind filled with noti-
‘ ons of one day possessing a handsome for-
‘ tune, am, by the sudden death of my
‘ parents, for ever deprived of all my flat-
‘ tering and high raised expectations, and
‘ without either friends or fortune, am
‘ left to find my way through a dangerous
‘ world, without experience, or a suffici-
‘ ent

ent knowledge of myself or others to determine how I am to conduct myself with safety, and to escape the dangers which I may have to encounter in a long and weary pilgrimage.

Few, I fear will be found, that will trouble themselves to guide and direct the young and unfortunate. I have already some reasons for these alarming apprehensions. The sudden turn of my affairs has already produced a strange alteration in the behaviour of people in general, and even my relations and most intimate friends treat me with a coldness and distant reserve that chills my soul with anguish.

Amongst the rest of my misfortunes, a young gentleman, who had for some time, with the approving consent of my friends, paid his addresses to me, and who pretended to feel the most lively and disinterested affection; whose respectful and flattering attentions had made an impression upon a heart from which it will be the work of years to erase a passion, artless, but sincere, has, with unfeeling cruelty, in the first moments of distress, thrown aside the mask of tenderness, and shewn himself, without disguise, a villain. On my confirming what the world had before been eager to inform him, he, without hesitation, de-

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clared,

‘ clared he could not think of marrying
‘ a woman without a fortune, especially
‘ one who had been brought up in so ele-
‘ gant and expensive a style: but on ob-
‘ serving the silent tear of anguish stealing
‘ down my cheek, (a weakness I could not
‘ restrain, and was unable to conceal) he
‘ had the daring effrontery to offer me a
‘ settlement, declaring that, although from
‘ prudential motives, he must marry a
‘ woman with a handsome fortune, I should
‘ share it with him, and be the sole posses-
‘ sor of his love.

‘ Alas! madam, you can have no idea
‘ of the contending agonies I suffered in
‘ this painful and humiliating moment.—
‘ With all the courage and resolution
‘ which injured love and affronted virtue
‘ could assume, I rejected his dishonor-
‘ able and abandoned proposals, desiring
‘ him never to see me more. He left the
‘ room, telling me I was a perfect Trage-
‘ dy Queen, and that he feared, I should
‘ find my immaculate virtue, but a very
‘ indifferent provision to gratify the calls
‘ of vanity.

‘ No sooner was he gone, than a sister,
‘ some years younger than myself, entered
‘ the room to enquire if Mr. Grant had
‘ come to appoint a time for our mar-
‘ riage. I told her, with unwillingness,
‘ what had passed. We mingled our tears
‘ toge-

‘ together, whilst her helpless situation at
‘ that moment seemed to affect me even
‘ more than my own.

‘ Thus, totally unprovided with the
‘ means of supporting ourselves, deserted
‘ and almost friendless, we request your
‘ advice. Unfortunately, our parents had
‘ too much false pride, too high notions
‘ of gentility, and the honor of their fa-
‘ mily, to bring a disgrace upon it, by
‘ having us put to any business, or taught
‘ any useful employment, by which we
‘ might now have been enabled to have
‘ procured ourselves a comfortable sup-
‘ port. Nature and religion have implant-
‘ ed in our souls a love of virtue, and a
‘ sincere detestation of vice; and though
‘ we have had but few opportunities of
‘ improving our minds, we have listened
‘ with attention to those excellent precepts
‘ which are to be often heard from the
‘ pulpit. Live we must: but we shall
‘ prefer living with honest poverty rather
‘ than guilty affluence.

‘ If you will be kind enough to favour
‘ us with your advice, and if in your power
‘ recommend us to some ladies in the
‘ circle of your acquaintance, as attend-
‘ ants or humble companions, we will
‘ make it our unremitting study to deserve
‘ their friendship and protection, and en-
‘ deavour to make up for what we want

‘ in knowledge by our assiduity and un-
 ‘ wearied attention to oblige, and will
 ‘ ever think ourselves bound to pray for
 ‘ the Parental Monitor.

‘ HENRIETTA BEVIL.’

To the PARENTAL MONITOR.

‘ MADAM,

‘ WITH some degree of confusion,
 I take up my pen to inform you that I am
 ‘ going to be married to a man old enough
 ‘ to be my grand father ; one for whom
 ‘ I feel no affection, who is not only infirm
 ‘ and ugly, but I have already discovered
 ‘ has a thousand faults, and as many ridi-
 ‘ culous absurdities.

‘ The truth of the history stands thus :
 ‘ he is rich, and thinks himself in love : I
 ‘ am poor and proud, and have unfortu-
 ‘ nately what the world calls a delicate
 ‘ and refined taste. I like to live at my
 ‘ ease, dress fine, play high, and to be
 ‘ seen at every publick place. I have like-
 ‘ wise a vast inclination to ride in my own
 ‘ coach, which this old fright could af-
 ‘ ford to keep me, and I doubt not but
 ‘ with your assistance I can prevail upon
 ‘ him to indulge me in so reasonable a re-
 ‘ quest.

‘ I should therefore consider myself un-
 ‘ der a lasting obligation to you, if you
 ‘ would

‘ would write a letter or a paper for the
‘ Parental Monitor, which I find he means
‘ to buy for my use and improvement,
‘ (but which, unless you are very enter-
‘ taining, I shall never have patience to
‘ read).—Entitle it a Letter of Advice to
‘ all Old Batchelors that have an inclina-
‘ tion to be married, and let the following
‘ be your subjects.

‘ Exclaim with the eloquence of a So-
‘ crates against covetousness: call it down-
‘ right idolatry, and a flagrant breach of
‘ the commandments; for though my ve-
‘ nerable lover reckons himself religious,
‘ charitable and humane, he is mean, sus-
‘ picious and unfeeling.

‘ Describe jealousy as a torture superior
‘ to any contrived by the Spanish inquisi-
‘ tors: paint it as a green, yellow, or blue
‘ eyed monster, or give it any other co-
‘ lour you may like better: for you must
‘ be sensible, good madam, that jealousy
‘ is not only a troublesome and inconve-
‘ nient, but a very unpleasant humour to
‘ indulge in this delightful age of liberty
‘ and fashionable freedom.

‘ Advise every one to govern their own
‘ passions, before they pretend to direct
‘ others how to govern theirs. For the
‘ merest trifle he raves like a madman,
‘ and being very deaf, ’tis impossible to

‘ convince him he is wrong till he has
‘ talked himself out of breath.

‘ Recommend going to watering places,
‘ public diversions and visiting, as con-
‘ ducive to health and long life; for tho’
‘ he has a dislike to society, and would
‘ always sit moping at home, like a drone
‘ in its hive, he has a particular antipathy
‘ to death. Declare that it is your inten-
‘ tion to go to Bath as soon as you grow
‘ rich; for that the people in that sweet
‘ place cannot find time to die, but lose
‘ all their complaints and infirmities in its
‘ salutary springs.

‘ Mention dress; recommend fashion,
‘ taste and elegance to the ladies; hint
‘ that an ample allowance ought to be
‘ made them to purchase whatever is new:
‘ don’t forget to mention that gentlemen
‘ should pay a proper attention to their ap-
‘ pearance. This lover of mine is quite a
‘ sloven, and generally wears a suit of
‘ cloaths a whole year.

‘ Tell the men that are verging to their
‘ grand climacterick, that they ought to be
‘ particularly good humoured and indul-
‘ gent to the foibles of youth, especially
‘ these who are married to women much
‘ younger than themselves: but don’t dwell
‘ too long upon this subject, lest it should
‘ alarm him too much.

‘ Dear

‘ Dear madam, don’t fail doing your
‘ utmost to improve and humanize this
‘ starchy piece of antiquity. One would
‘ not, you know, be willing to be per-
‘ petually contradicted, or put out of
‘ humour with their chains. When we
‘ are married, if he proves refractory to
‘ our united admonitions, I will not fail
‘ to send you an account of his vagaries,
‘ which may perhaps furnish you with
‘ materials to form a character for one of
‘ your novels, or you may bring him out
‘ upon the stage. If you comply with
‘ my request I will certainly purchase
‘ whatever you publish, and ever remain
‘ your grateful and obliged friend,

‘ CATHERINE HAUGHTY.’

To Miss Catherine Haughty the Parental Monitor ventures, as a friend, to give the following advice—Thinks it will be better not to give any hints to her lover, directly or indirectly, till the hymeneal knot is tied, lest he should take an alarm and withdraw his addresses, in order to avoid the danger which at present he may not apprehend, and by so doing disappoint Miss Haughty of a Husband and a coach. As soon as she has secured the prize, the lady’s own letter may have as good an effect in reforming her enamorado as any thing that could be said on the subject,

and therefore will be very much at his service. The Parental Monitor must likewise take the liberty to observe that the only way for old or young to find happiness, either in the single or married life, is to have their conduct free from censure or suspicion, their wishes and desires confined within the bounds of prudence and discretion, and virtue sufficient to prevent their sacrificing their principles, person and inclinations to the gratification of their pride, vanity or ambition. The Parental Monitor, so far from being desirous of obtaining a character for the closet, or the stage, at the expence of a fellow creature, would scorn to distress the honest heart or intentionally give pain to the most unworthy, and recommends it to Miss Haughty to reflect, whether her lover's greatest fault is not his having made choice of a lady so insensible to the flattering compliment he is inclined to pay her, at the expence of his own happiness, unless his fair enslaver is determined in future not to be quite so clear sighted to his faults and so blind to her own.

B E A U T Y.

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B E A U T Y.

What whispers must the beauty bear !
What hourly nonsense haunts her ear !
Where'er her eyes dispense their charms,
Impertinence around her swarms.
Did not the tender nonsense strike,
Contempt and scorn might look dislike ;
Forbidding airs might thin the place ;
The slightest flap a fly can chase.

In beauty faults conspicuous grow ;
The smallest speck is seen on snow.

GAY.

BE A U T Y is a captivating, but fading flower, which often leads its youthful possessors into many dangers, many distresses. Happy is it for those who are distinguished for their outward charms, that they are sheltered under the parental roof ! Happy for them that the watchful eye regards them with rigid circumspection. Few, in the early periods of life, are insensible to flattery, or deaf to the voice of adulation. Beware of the flatterer : be not deceived by fair speeches. Be assured, the man who wishes to render you vain of your outward charms, has a mean opinion of your sense and mental qualifications. Remember too, that a young girl, vain of her beauty, and whose chief study and employment is the decoration of her person,

son is a most contemptible character; and that the more you are distinguished for the charms of your face and the graces of your form, the more you are exposed to censure and to danger. The rose is torn from its parent stem in all its pride of beauty: the jessamine is scarcely permitted to blossom before it is plucked, and no sooner are their beauties faded, than the merciless hand which was eager to obtain them, throws them away with contempt; whilst the primrose, the humble violet, the lilly of the valley, and the snow drop, less exposed to observation, escapes unhurt, and uninjured by the spoiler's hand.

Learn, fair daughters of Beauty, from the lilly, to court the friendly shade; and from the primrose be convinced, that your best security may be found in retirement. If you wish to be admired, be seldom seen; and if you are desirous of having a sincere lover in your train, let virtue, modesty and sweetness be the only lures you make use of to ensnare. You may then, perhaps, by your good qualities, retain the heart which was at first a captive to your beauties; and when time has robbed you of the graces and the innocent cheerfulness of youth, secure a sincere and tender friend to console you in the hours of affliction, and watch over you
when

when deprived of those charms that first made him solicitous to obtain your love.

Repine not, my young readers, though your virtues be concealed in a homely form. If you have secured the virtues of the mind, you need not envy others the beauties of the face. And ye, who are decorated with every outward grace, be not vain of such fading externals; but tremble, lest they should tempt the designing to lead you into error.

Had you less beauteous been, you'd known less care;
Ladies are happiest, moderately fair.

ETHEREGE.

Neglect not, then, in the giddy hours of youth, to make your mind a fit companion for the most lovely form. Personal charms may please for a moment; but the more lasting beauties of an improved understanding and intelligent mind can never tire.—We are soon weary of looking at a picture, though executed in the most masterly style: and the woman who has only beauty to recommend her, has but little chance of meeting a lover who will not grow indifferent to a mere portrait, particularly when its colours are faded by the subduing hand of time. Then it is that modesty and sweetness of temper are to be particularly observed; and the loss of beauty will not be regretted even by the man they first made your captive.

See,

See, lovely fair, yon blushing rose ;
 All hail the beauty as it blows.
 Vain of her charms, she courts the sun,
 And soon her gaudy race is run.
 Observe, in yonder pensive dale,
 The white-robed lilly of the vale :
 Pure emble of the spotless maid,
 Adorn'd with flow'rs that cannot fade.
 Virtue, bright ornament of youth,
 Sincerity, unblushing truth :
 Through all life's seasons these will please,
 In all life's storms secure heart's ease.

 T H E

ROSE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A F A B L E.

AT day's early dawn a young Butterfly spy'd
 A blushing young Rose, and he wished her his bride.
 Their faith was soon plighted, as lovers will do :
 He swore to be constant, she vow'd to be true.
 When wedded, away the wing'd gentleman hies,
 From flow'ret to flow'ret he wantonly flies :
 Nor did he revisit his bride till the sun
 Had less than a fourth of his journey to run.
 The Rose thus reproach'd him—Already so cold ?
 How feign'd, O you false one, the passion you told !
 I saw when you gave the base vi'let a kiss—
 How, how could you stoop to a meanness like this ?
 Shall a low, little wretch, whom we Roses despise,
 Find favour, O Love, in my Butterfly's eyes ?
 On a tulip quite tawdry, I saw your foul rape ;
 Nor yet could the pitiful primrose escape :

Dull

Dull daffodils, too, were with ardour address'd,
 And poppies ill scented you fondly caress'd.—
 The coxcomb was piqu'd, and reply'd with a sneer,
 That you're first to complain, I commend you, my
 dear :

But know, from your conduct my maxims I drew,
 And if I'm inconstant I copy from you.
 I saw the boy Zephyrus rifle your charms,
 I saw how you simper'd, and smil'd in his arms :
 The honey-bee kiss'd you, you cannot disown,
 You favour'd likewise, O dishonour ! a drone.
 Besides, 'tis a fault that you cannot deny,
 Your sweets were made common, false Rose, to a fly.

This law long ago did Love's providence make,
 That ev'ry coquette should be curs'd with a rake.

THE PANTHER, THE HORSE, AND OTHER BEASTS.

A F A B L E.

TH E man who seeks to win the fair,
 (So custom says, must truth forbear ;
 Must fawn and flatter, cringe and lye,
 And raise the goddess to the sky.
 For truth is hateful to the ear ;
 A Rudeness which she cannot bear.
 A Rudeness ! Yes. I speak my thoughts :
 For truth upbraids her with her faults.

How wretched, Cloe, then am I,
 Who love you, and yet cannot lie !
 And still to make you less my friend,
 I strive your errors to amend !

But

But shall the senseless fop impart
The softest passion to your heart,
While he who tells you honest truth,
And points to happiness your youth,
Determines by his care his lot,
And lives neglected and forgot?

Trust me, my dear, with greater ease
Your taste for flattery I could please,
And similes in each dull line,
Like glow-worms in the dark, should shine:
What if I say your lips disclose
The freshness of the opening rose?
Or that your cheeks are beds of snow's,
Enrich'd by refreshing snow's?
Yet certain as these snow's shall fade,
Time every beauty will invade.
The butterfly of various hue,
More than the snow's resembles you;
Fair, flitting, busy thing,
To pleasure ever on the wing;
Gaily coquetting for an hour,
To die and never be thought of more.

Would you the bloom of youth should last?
'Tis virtue that must bind it fast;
An easy carriage, wholly free
From sour reserve, or levity;
Good-natur'd mirth an open heart,
And looks unskill'd in any art;
Humility enough to own
The frailties which a friend makes known;
And decent pride enough to know
The worth that virtue can bestow.

These are the charms which never decay,
Though youth and beauty fade away;
And time, which all things else removes,
Still heightens virtue and improves.

You'll

You'll frown, and ask, To what intent
This blunt address to you is sent ?
I'll spare the question, and confess
I'd praise you if I lov'd you less ;
But rail, be angry, or complain,
I will be rude whilst you are vain.

Beneath the lion's peaceful reign,
When beasts met friendly on the plain,
A Panther of majestic port,
(The vainest female of the court)
With spotted skin and eyes of fire,
Fill'd every bosom with desire.
Where'er she moved a servile crowd
Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd ;
Assemblies every week she held,
(Like modern belles) with coxcombs fill'd ;
Where noise and nonsense and grimace,
And lies and scandal fill'd the place.

Behold the gay, fantastic thing,
Encircled by the spacious ring.
Low bowing with important look,
As first in rank, the Monkey spoke :

' Gad take me, madam, but I swear
' No angel ever look'd so fair ;
' Forgive my rudeness, but I vow
' You were not quite divine till now.
' Those limbs ! that shape ! and then those eyes !
' O close them, or the gazer dies !'

Nay, gentle pug, for goodness hush ;
I vow and swear you make me blush ;
I shall be angry at this rate ;
'Tis so like flatt'ry, which I hate.

The .

The fox, in deeper cunning vers'd,
 The beauties of her mind rehears'd ;
 And talk'd of knowledge, taste and sense,
 To which the fair have vast pretence !
 Yet well he knew them always vain
 Of what they strive not to attain ;
 And play'd so cunningly his part,
 That pug was rivall'd in his art.

The Goat avow'd his am'rous flame,
 And burnt—for what he durst not name ;
 Yet hop'd a meeting in the wood
 Might make his meaning understood.
 Half angry at the bold address,
 She frown'd ; but yet she must confess
 Such beauties might inflame his blood ;
 But still his phrase was somewhat rude.

The Hog her neatness much admir'd ;
 The formal Afs her swiftnefs fir'd ;
 While all to feed her folly strove,
 And by their praises shar'd her love.

The Horse, whose generous heart disdain'd
 Applause by servile flatt'ry gain'd,
 With graceful courage silence broke,
 And thus with indignation spoke :

‘ When flatt’ring monkeys fawn and prate,
 ‘ They justly raise contempt or hate ;
 ‘ For merit’s turn’d to ridicule
 ‘ Applauded by the grinning fool.
 ‘ The artful fox your wit commends,
 ‘ To lure you to his selfish ends :
 ‘ From the vile flatt’rer turn away,
 ‘ For knaves make friendships to betray.
 ‘ Dismiss the train of fops and fools,
 ‘ And learn to live by wisdom’s rules ;

‘ Such

- ' Such beauties might the lion warm,
 ' Did not your folly break the charm ;
 ' For who would court that lovely shape,
 ' To be the rival of an ape ?'

He said, and snorting in disdain,
 Spurn'd at the crowd, and fought the plain.

MOORE.

DRESS AND FASHION.

- " Let idle flatterers, miserably gay,
 " In dress and trifles, waste their useless clay :
 " Seek thou from beauties, form'd on virtues rules,
 " Th' applause of angels, not the gaze of fools."

CARTER'S POEMS.

DRESS appears to be the grand article of contention and envy amongst the fair sex ; and therefore Dress shall be the subject of this paper.

I don't know any set of people, however envied, more to be pitied than the fluttering votaries of that capricious dame, called Fashion ; whose vagaries are endless, and whose taste and humour is so uncertain, it is scarcely to be relied upon for an hour : ever fertile at invention, her mazy and tempting wiles are dangerously alluring to the young, the artless, and beautiful : many a spotless character has
 been

been sacrificed at her gaudy decorated shrine; many a fair reputation lost, to obtain the feathers and the flowers of Fashion; so difficult it is to set proper bounds to vanity, or to say to pride, So far you shall lead me, and no farther.

However trifling, or unpleasant this subject may appear to the lovers of Dress, who study more to adorn their persons than improve their minds, it is, in my opinion, become at this period, a matter that deserves their most serious consideration: 'tis an epidemical disease that appears to have infected all ranks of people. Numerous are the evils it has occasioned, from the peer to the humble mechanic, from the duchess to the chamber-maid. Many unhappy young women has the love of Dress brought upon the town, more the victims to their own vain pride, than to the artifices and designs of mankind.

Ever, therefore, cautiously avoid the extravagance and extremes of Fashion, and let your appearance be directed by your circumstances and situation. Can any thing be more absurd and out of character, than to see a young girl at an assembly, or any other public place, dressed in a style as if entitled to expect ten thousand pounds to her marriage portion, when, perhaps, if enquiries are made, a
few

few hundreds are all that her friends will have it in their power to give her? Such an improper appearance, instead of being any recommendation, is almost the certain method of preventing her making a decent and comfortable establishment in life.—What prudent man would think seriously of uniting himself with a young woman so likely to spend his fortune, or the produce of his industry, upon the decoration of her person, which, if pretty, requires not the borrowed aid of ornament, and, if plain would be less exposed to observation, by being simply and plainly dressed?

Consider, my children, and young friends, how trifling the value of that respect which dress extorts! Look at the vain peacock; you may admire his plumage for a moment, but you are soon weary of doing so. Observe the gaudy butterfly; but recollect how short its stay, how trifling and useless its life, how unlamented and unmarked its departure! Learn industry of the humble ant; contemplate the bee, and be taught wisdom.

The absurdities of FASHION, in the present whimsical times, are carried to such a length of folly and extravagance, that I cannot pass them over without confessing, I think them censurable; yet, believe me, I am not actuated by any other motive, than an honest desire of preserving

ing

ing the rising generation from so dangerous and pernicious a foible, and to prevent, if possible, the young and inexperienced sacrificing too much of their time or fortune to a false and vitiated taste. Common sense dictates my sentiments on this subject, and benevolence urges me to defy censure, whilst I am anxiously endeavouring to inspire my young readers with more useful and important ideas, such as will fit them for the nobler and better purposes, for which they were designed by their Creator.

In regard to our appearance, a nice medium should be observed, and all extremes carefully avoided: the fewer whimsical caprices or ornaments, amongst the middling class of people, in the article of Dress, the better. Neatness, simplicity, and frugality, should be the only counsellors consulted by those, whose situations are such as demand a proper attention to œconomy. Even the sons and daughters of rank and affluence would be less exposed to, and often escape ridicule, did they confine their appearance to the rules laid down by reason and common sense.—The example of the great will ever be followed by the little. An expensive Fashion has often proved a heavy tax upon the industrious father of a numerous family.

Nor

Nor are the lordly sex exempt from this epidemical vanity: the effeminately ornamented figures we often see amongst our young men, contrasted with the more masculine appearance of many of our young women, makes it matter of some difficulty to distinguish (since this strange innovation of Dress took place) one sex from the other. So various and unaccountable are the deceptions lately practised, that nature seems to be entirely out of Fashion, and *her* lilies and roses thought of but little value.

I much admire to see a fine exhibition of pictures; but never wish to see any painting on the human face; 'tis the destroyer of beauty, the enemy of health, and a kind of pantomimical trick; which, while it destroys the most brilliant eyes, renders those of others very clear-sighted in discovering the cause of their defect.

This subject reminds me of Hamlet's speech to Ophelia. "I have heard of
" your painting, too; well enough:—
" God has given you one face, and you
" make yourselves another:—You jig, you
" amble, and you lisp, and nick-name
" God's creatures, and make your wantonness
" your ignorance—Go to, I'll no
" more on't; it doth make me mad."

Artifice is not likely to please. A false face may be supposed the covering to a false

false heart. It would be infinitely less trouble to make yourselves by nature, what you vainly attempt by art. Were any one of these self-destroying beauties to lose by necessity what they do by choice, they would think themselves the most wretched beings on earth.

What renders an improper and extravagant fondness for dress more absurd, is, that it does not go off with youth, but appears to increase, and gather strength with our years. To attempt appearing young when we are no longer so, only serves to expose old age to ridicule, and deprive it of that respectful attention to which it has a just claim.

Before I take leave of my readers on this subject, I must entreat they will endeavour to appear like what they really are, and forsake the mean practice of deception, not only in their dress, but in their actions. It would soon produce an amazing, but pleasing and useful alteration in the world. Do not mistake me, my young friends; for I do not mean, by what I have said on this subject, that young women should neglect, or become totally indifferent to, the decoration of their persons: by no means; but they should carefully avoid all extremes, particularly when inimical to neatness. Pyramids of frippery and false taste, paints, powders, wool, and
a num-

a number of &c. should be left to the Hottentots: they only serve to disguise and disfigure beauty, and may justly be called a provoking innovation on nature.

Let, therefore, a too great love of vanity and dress be banished from every mind—a desire of useful knowledge, good humour, humility and cautious prudence fill up the vacancy. Marriage will then regain its former honours, consequence and respect—modesty reassume its original fascinating power, and virtue again be reckoned the brightest and most becoming ornament of woman: whilst inconstancy, seduction, pride, repentance and shame, shall be sentenced to hide their baleful heads in the *cave of oblivion*.

The following papers, which I accidentally met with, being applicable to this subject, I have taken the liberty to introduce them: read them with attention, and you cannot fail to be struck with the lesson they meant to convey.

A few cursory Thoughts on the modern Situation of the Fair Sex.

The great improvement (as they are pleased to call it) they have made in politesse, for this last century, exceeds all imagination; for instead of that formal, and that ridiculous method of spending
their

their time that prevailed in good Queen Bess's days, thanks to a neighbouring country for providing our ladies with means to employ their time in a much more useful and rational manner. But the former, poor creatures, were to be pitied for their ignorance, and the impolite age they lived in. They knew of no happiness out of their own families: their sole study was to make home as agreeable as possible.

“ The happiness of our modern refined ladies is confined to a different sphere. Home to them, without cards, &c. and a continued round of diversions are encouraged, or at least allowed, is always the place of the greatest misery; and it seems a tax laid upon them by Providence, that amongst so much gaiety and folly, they should not entirely forget themselves, but have some little time for recollection. The morning generally elapses before they rise; so that they verify the remark of a country lad, who when he came to town, and resided in the polite part of it, told his friends, he liked London very well, but there was no forenoon. The remaining part of the day is spent in amending the defects of nature, and in dress, till their dear evening arrives; when cameleon-like, with artificial faces, and in different colours, they go the same round of amusement

amusement they have done every night for a twelvemonth before. I shall beg leave to introduce to your acquaintance the character of two sisters.

“ Flirtilla is a gay lively, giddy girl; she is what the world calls handsome; she dances and sings admirably, has something to say upon every topic that is started, and an easy flow of words, that pass upon the world for wit. By a retentive memory she can repeat a few verses out of every fashionable poet, and something out of Shakespeare. These she is sure to introduce on every subject, and has thereby acquired the character of a person that has read much. If in looking in her dictionary she finds any cramp words that she did not know the meaning of, when in company she is sure to turn the conversation, that, at all events, she may introduce them. In a word, she loves company, and strictly observes the fashions. No wonder, then, if with these good qualities she is a chief toast among the beaux.

“ Amelia, the lovely Amelia, makes home her greatest happiness. Nature has not been so lavish in her charms as to her sister; but she has a soft pleasing countenance, that plainly indicates the goodness of the heart within. Her person is not striking at first, but is more dangerous to the heart of every sensible man than that

of her sister: for her modest deportment, and her sweet disposition, will daily gain ground on any person that has the happiness of conversing with her. She reads much, and digests what she reads. Her serenity of mind is not to be disturbed by the disappointment of a party of pleasure, nor her spirits agitated by the shape of a cap, or the colour of a ribbon. She speaks but little when in company, but when she attempts, every one is hush, and attends to her as an oracle. She has one true friend, with whom she passes her days in tranquillity.

“ I shall leave it to my readers to judge which of these two sisters is the most amiable.

Autumnal Lyce carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
In vain the cock hath summon'd sprites away,
She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day!
Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of Lyce, but herself, is old.

YOUNG.

“ As I and my sister were drinking our tea yesterday in the afternoon, an old acquaintance, whom I had not seen for some time, was announced. Upon my enquiring after his family, he told me they were all pretty well, except his wife, whom he could not possibly make an old woman.

Looking

Looking very earnestly at him (while Bell was scolding her fingers in leaning forward, from the eagerness of her curiosity to know whether she heard right,) I said, in return, that he differed from most married men; who wished, I believed, to have their wives as young as they could be. ‘ Perhaps they do (answered he) but ‘ I am not of their opinion, in regard to ‘ this affair. I have been married many ‘ years, you know, and as I find myself ‘ growing old, I wish to see my wife a ‘ suitable companion to me. Now, Mrs. ‘ Evergreen, unfortunately for me, happens to be of a different way of thinking; she chuses to endeavour to make ‘ herself as unfit for me as she can, by ‘ dressing and behaving more like a girl ‘ of sixteen than a woman of sixty. In ‘ vain have I complained, remonstrated, ‘ and even petitioned with a humility not ‘ very characteristic in a lord and master. ‘ (Here Bell stared again.) Were I to ‘ throw myself at her feet, I should not, I ‘ dare say, obtain any redress; her constant answer is, “ That there is no appearing in public without looking like “ other people.” To this assertion I constantly reply, that old women have no ‘ business in public, and that she cannot, ‘ by the most vigorous exertion of all her ‘ abilities, with the assistance of the most

‘ fertile fancy, make herself look like other
‘ people, that is, like those who are youn-
‘ ger and handsomer than she is, and con-
‘ sequently the amiable objects of her imi-
‘ tation: adding, that the old and ugly
‘ dressed out in the extremity, (and literally
‘ speaking, height) of the fashion, make
‘ such preposterous figures as to merit a
‘ prohibition from every place to which
‘ they hurry for the exposure of their per-
‘ sons. Did these venerable females but
‘ know that the men only laughed at, or
‘ rather despised them (the absurdity of
‘ their conduct is indeed only calculated
‘ to raise contempt,) the acquirement of
‘ such knowledge would, I imagine, work
‘ a reformation in them. For my own
‘ part, I am quite sick when I walk in the
‘ Park, or spend an evening at Ranelagh,
‘ to see such a number of decayed nymphs,
‘ worn-out goddesses, and superannuated
‘ angels: but if a man cannot prevent his
‘ own wife from rendering herself ridicu-
‘ lous, how can he expect other people to
‘ pay any regard to him?’

Here Bell, who had listened to him with a considerable deal of patience (as a female) attempted to interrupt him, by asking if he thought it necessary to confine all women within doors, after a certain age.

‘ By

‘ By no manner of means, madam,’
(replied he) ‘ no; let them take all the
‘ air and exercise they can, without any
‘ restrictions; but let them also take their
‘ airings, and their dustings, in a proper
‘ dress, and in a proper manner. Let
‘ them ride or walk in hats or bonnets,
‘ and with cloaks and gowns suitable to
‘ their ages and infirmities, and discover
‘ no desire to parade in the Park, in tight
‘ jackets and short petticoats; narrow
‘ tuckers, and no handkerchiefs, cork
‘ rumps, sweeping trains and elevated
‘ heads, the curls of which look like so
‘ many snakes, and make them appear
‘ Medusas, frightful enough to petrify the
‘ man who beholds them, while the rest
‘ of their hoary locks, decorated with
‘ gauze, tinsel, feathers, and flowers,
‘ give them the appearance of dolls at a
‘ fair.—There is no man, Miss ‘Townly,’
(continued he) ‘ who admires your sex
‘ more than I do, when they exhibit
‘ themselves in a manner agreeable to their
‘ age and situation in life: when they, to
‘ an elegant simplicity of dress, join an
‘ enchanting propriety of behaviour: then,
‘ indeed they are irresistibly attractive;
‘ and while they allure the eye they capti-
‘ vate the heart. But Mrs. Evergreen,
‘ madam, you must be sensible, has long
‘ been past the smallest hopes of charming

‘ by her exterior. I do not expect her to
‘ bury herself alive, I only wish her not to
‘ offend the living, by throwing herself in
‘ a line with the youthful, and the gay :
‘ such however, is her passion for dress,
‘ such is her rage for ornament, that she
‘ will waste two or three hours every day
‘ under the hands of her hair-dresser, and
‘ mis-spends that time with her millener
‘ and mantua-maker which, if properly
‘ employed in reading and conversation,
‘ might make her an agreeable and even a
‘ desirable companion. On the contrary,
‘ she only renders herself disgusting to me,
‘ and contemptible in the eyes of others.
‘ Yet, to convince you that I am not rigid
‘ and severe in my censures upon old wo-
‘ men, I actually indulged Mrs. Evergreen
‘ this season with two masquerades, be-
‘ cause I thought she might there gratify
‘ her violent inclination for shew and fan-
‘ tastical appearance, without exposing her
‘ own character, or injuring mine : but
‘ she absolutely defeated my honest design,
‘ by chusing to represent a shepherdess at
‘ the first, and a Flora at the second.

Here Bell lifted up her hands and eyes,
and Mr. Evergreen thus proceeded.

‘ Upon my honour, Miss Townly, I
‘ speak nothing but the serious truth : you
‘ and my friend (turning to me) look as
‘ if you judged hardly of me ; as if you
‘ imagined

‘ imagined I wanted a young fool, because
‘ I cannot bear an old fool; but I swear
‘ by every thing that is dear to me, could
‘ I but bring my old Evergreen to a rati-
‘ onal way of acting, I should be the most
‘ contented man in the world. She does
‘ not want understanding, in general;
‘ why then will she not make herself mis-
‘ tress of the useful art of growing old
‘ with a good grace? I will allow that the
‘ acquisition of such an art may be difficult
‘ at first, but as age comes gradually upon
‘ us and not on a sudden, there is, surely,
‘ sufficient time allotted for any woman to
‘ relinquish the trifling gewgaws fit only
‘ to engage the attention of mere girls,
‘ and to assume the dignity of the matron,
‘ by which she may, by appearing in a
‘ becoming, appear also in an amiable
‘ light. But the generality of women are
‘ guilty of capital mistakes, under the in-
‘ fluence of their passion for admiration.
‘ They are too apt to suppose that dress
‘ ought to be the principal object of their
‘ consideration; not recollecting that he
‘ who is struck with the youth and beauty
‘ of a woman, scarce pays the slightest at-
‘ tention to her dress, if she does not force
‘ it, by sacrificing in the embellishment of
‘ her person, elegance to magnificence,
‘ and finery to taste.—Then, and then on-
‘ ly, are the eyes of a lover turned towards

• the drapery of his angel ; but while he
• is dazzled with the glare of decoration,
• he is far more pained than pleased with
• her meretricious proceedings. On the
• other hand, the female, though she is
• far advanced in life, who has once been
• fondly loved and esteemed, and who has,
• by the constant propriety of her dress,
• and the consistency of her conduct, fixed
• her lover her friend, will keep him stea-
• dily attached to her to the end of her
• days.—And, believe me, miss Townly,
• that neither the youth, nor the beauty,
• nor the wit, nor the wealth of a woman,
• will preserve a man's heart, if she has not
• more substantial allurements in her pos-
• session ; these allurements must arise from
• a continued endeavour, animated by a
• continued desire, to make herself in
• every respect a suitable companion to
• him : she may then retain his love when
• her bloom is past, and preserve the friend
• when she has lost the lover.

INGRA-

INGRATITUDE.

A worthless sort there are of human kind,
 No oath can tie, no gratitude can bind;
 In whom the seeds of envy grow so strong.—
 No link of friendship can secure 'em long.—
 Your table, stable, library, and store,
 Free for their use, they'll still be craving more;
 Fresh grants are su'd for, which if left undone,
 A moment rends the web that years had spun.

MOZEEN.

INGRATITUDE is a crime of so dark and detestable a nature, that the mind in which it is permitted to inhabit must be totally abandoned by every generous virtue, every noble sentiment. It is degrading to human nature, and must be displeasing in the sight of heaven. To forget favours conferred in the moments of distress; to look coldly in prosperity on those who stood by us in the time of adversity; to affect not knowing them as is too often the fashion and insolence of pride, is truly shocking! We turn with contempt from the portrait of such a monster in the human form, and feel both horror and disgust. Yet there are, there ever were, and will be such people. Associate not with them: for, be assured, the ungrateful can

have no virtues that will recommend them to your friendship, or make them deserving of your regard.

A false and little minded pride will lead many, when they are at any public place, to overlook, and appear not to know, those they imagine inferior to themselves; though perhaps, in private parties, they even condescend to make professions of friendship, and visit upon the most social footing. An affront of this kind is so mortifying to the heart, that it is very seldom entirely forgotten; and though we despise the person, we feel an indignation scarcely to be confined to silent contempt.

What then must be the feelings of the generous bosom wounded by the scorpion stings of ingratitude! but far, far more distracting are the pangs which attend those who practise it: and very seldom does it go long unpunished, even on earth; pity that it ever should, as it would be the only means of driving from earth a vice that would even disgrace the infernal regions: better, far better to be wounded, than reproached with the crime, which no excuse can palliate, and of which no plea can be heard in extenuation at the bar of unerring justice.

How awful, how alarming is the thought, that few of us, erring mortals, but are repeatedly, both in our words and actions,
ungrateful

ungrateful to our divine Parent, our benevolent Benefactor, to whom we are indebted for such a vast variety of innumerable favours, and on whom we depend for their continuance ! How is it possible we can, for one short moment, be forgetful of that Almighty Being who has bestowed on his creatures so many blessings, or bring ourselves to act contrary to his precepts and commands ? Whenever our hearts are wounded by Ingratitude, let the reflections it will necessarily produce bring to our recollection how much we are indebted to Providence ; and instead of murmuring or repining at the disappointment and mortification we feel, let it inspire us with the most lively gratitude to the Great Founder of the universe, to whom we owe so large a debt of it as can never be repaid by mortals ?

T H E . T O A S T S .

A F A B L E .

SATAN one day (one night I mean,
For days in hell are seldom seen)
At Pandemonium in state
Among his peers carousing fate,
To celebrate our parents fall
In draughts of liquid fire and gall :
The toasts in bumpers flew around ;
The palace roofs the toasts resound,

And

And all was noise, yet all unite
To pelt heav'n with their blunted spite;
Beelzebub gave his harlot Pride,
To match whose charms he hell defy'd.
Envy by Baal then was given,
Foe to herself, to earth, and heav'n.
Ava'rice was Mammon's toast, a vice
Wou'd make a hell of paradise.
My toast, cries Ashtaroth, shall be
That Janus prude, Hypocrisy.
And mine, quoth Belial—Idleness,
Whose charms both men and fiends confess;
Dear Idleness! to whom we owe
Myriads on myriads here below.
Dagon gave Falshood, a mean jest,
Still mask'd and cloath'd in rainbow vest
A Will-o' th' Wisp, that leads astray,
A coward vice, that dreads the day.
Moloch gave blood-stain'd Cruelty,—
And Thammuz, Infidelity;
But to that toast they all objected,
As one no fiend there recollected
(For tho' such weeds on earth may grow,
There are no infidels below):
Thammuz on this—since change he must—
Gave that sweet creature, Madam Lust.
In short, each demon in his toast
Avow'd which fair he honour'd most.

The turn at length to Satan came
To bumper round his darling flame.

“ I own that all your toasts, he cry'd,
Are beauties long approv'd and try'd,
But I'll give one, in whom alone
The quintessence of hell is shewn;
Ingratitude! of vices first,
Most infamous, and most accurst;
That fiend in grain! that hydra pest!
(Behold her image on my breast;)

To her hell's empire owes its birth ;
 To her I owe those swarms from earth.
 When other vices rule the mind,
 Virtue by fits may entrance find ;
 But let Ingratitude bear sway,
 Not Virtues shade dare cross her way ;
 E'en hell itself when she appears
 A more than double darkness wears."

The fiends aloud the toast proclaim ;
 The palace roofs resound her name :
 ' Ingratitude ! of vices first :
 ' Most infamous, and most accurst.'

SENSIBILITY, SINCERITY, AND CHEERFULNESS.

However in return for good abused,
 However ill or scandalously used,
 In friendly actions still let's persevere,
 Lest our eyes swell with the unpitied tear.
 Since wants we once may feel, we can't foresee,
 Let not the heart be blind to misery :
 Ill merit they the fortunes they possess,
 Who never felt for other men's distress.

MOZEEN

SENSIBILITY, under proper restrictions, is one of the most pleasing and interesting virtues which inhabit and give a gentle polish to the mind ; and it is with infinite regret I am obliged to acknowledge that I have seen it sink into weakness, assumed by deceit, or so disfigured

gured by affectation, that I have turned with dislike from those who made it appear in a disguise so unbecoming, and foreign to its nature.

The generous Sensibility which will lead us to fly to a friend in the hours of distress, which will not step out of the way to avoid the house of grief, which, obeying the impulse of the moment, when the generous feelings of pity first vibrate to the heart, will instantly extend the willing hand to relieve the wretched, or put up with inconvenience to promote the comforts of others, bind up their wounds, and like the good Samaritan, pour in oil and wine. This is genuine unadulterated Sensibility, such I would wish you to encourage, and obey all its noble propensities.

But by a strange and unfortunate introduction of modern refinements, and unaccountable innovations, this interesting, this generous and pleasing virtue, has been compelled to assume a very different appearance, and is so unnaturally disguised, that many unfashionable people have thought it a dangerous inmate of the female bosom. To weep for the death of a linnet—to faint at the sight of a spider—scream and tremble at the unexpected appearance of a toad—to start at the name of death—and carefully to avoid the sight
of

of every friend that is ill—is called sensibility by modern fine ladies; who would not shed so many tears for a parent, husband, or child, as for a favourite parrot; who can sacrifice their time and spend their thousands in midnight revels, or mix, without a single fear or apprehension, amongst a group of the most frightful and disgusting figures at a masquerade, whilst they would run with pretended terror from the slow approaches of a poor trembling beggar, or faint at seeing a harmless cricket coming near them.

Mistake not, my children, and young friends;—in the above description you will see the affectation—but the reality is not to be found. Real Sensibility, so far from flying the gloomy mansions of distress, will hasten to enliven them with its all-cheering influence: it will not consult its own gratifications, but endure the most exquisitely painful feelings with the fortitude of a martyr, rather than not attempt to remove them from others.

I reverence the tear of generous compassion, or the gentle sigh which agitates the innocent bosom at the tale of distress: yet let not extreme sensibility degenerate into weakness; let it not make such encroachments on your feeling as to deprive you of sufficient resolution to limit it to its proper bounds—to prevent your distinguishing

guishing real from imaginary distress, or humble merit from the artful and superficial pretenders to worth.

SINCERITY is another of our most interesting virtues, and should ever be found in the pure and uncorrupted mind of youth. Ever cherish it in your hearts, and never deviate from its precepts. Degrade not the purity of your nature by the practice of dissimulation; and tho' it has been said, truth shall not be spoken at all times, I think it is far preferable than ever having recourse to the artifices and evasions of falsehood. In the practice of Sincerity we have nothing to fear, but from that of deceit we are every moment in danger of detection and shame. To deny a fault, and endeavour to vindicate a crime only serves to encrease the magnitude of that charge which will one day be opened against us: happiest, therefore, are those, who keep the clearest account!—

There are minds who will hold no intercourse with Sincerity; who delight to deceive, and glory in their duplicity; and, like the contrivers of the machinery for a pantomime, can so well manage their deceptions, as to cheat the most discerning eye: but no sooner is the artifice discovered, than it justly exposes the culprit to contempt. Whilst Sincerity, the more it is seen, the more it is known, the more it will
be

be respected and admired: 'tis moral, social and religious: 'tis obtained without study: It will not disgrace a palace; neither will it be degraded by being found in the meanest cottage: it should be cherished in every virtuous heart; it will give a charm to the plainest form: it will entitle its possessor to respect, and every one will, without fear, put confidence in its integrity: 'tis the offspring of heaven, and the best friend of humankind.

Practise Sincerity: attempt not to deceive: and not only the esteem of your fellow creatures will attend your footsteps, but the silent approbation of your own hearts will increase your felicity. Though the council you may give in the language of Sincerity, may not always be attended to with that complacency you could wish, it will ever be respected: and when experience has convinced your friend of its value, he will fly to you again for advice, and trust your counsel. Though Sincerity may not be the offspring of fortune, 'tis the descendant of virtue, and though it does not often bask in the smiles of a court, it is a treasure more valuable, more permanent than riches, or any to be found in the presence of royalty, and will prove in the end a bright reward, and blessed advocate, when we appear before the throne
of

of our Redeemer, to whom all hearts must be laid open, and who regards not the forms or the uplifted hands, if the heart is a wandering fugitive from the truth of that religion we profess, or that probity which is merely assumed.

CHEERFULNESS is one of the greatest blessings we can enjoy: 'tis a source of delightful satisfaction to those who possess it, and will serve to render their society pleasant to others. I do not mean that rantipole flow of spirits, which interrupts the peace of the company, or that flippant, noisy, nonsensical mirth which disturbs the more sedate, frequently disgusts the young, and commonly distresses those, who, being advanced in years, are apt to be severe in their censures on the follies and impertinence of youth.

A serene and easy cheerfulness cannot be disagreeable to the most morose and sententious: it flows smoothly, like a stream unruffled by the wind; it enlivens society, and sometimes makes the woe-worn sons and daughters of misery forget their cares. Youth is the bright season, the spring of cheerfulness, the only period of our lives in which we can hope to enjoy this blessing unalloyed: for as we advance in life numerous cares find entrance to our bosoms: the mask is fallen from many of our hopes, we begin to see the folly
of

of our wishes our anxieties and fears are encreasing with our years, and innumerable sorrows will unite to rob us of that cheerfulness, the smooth current of which, in early youth, meets with no impediment from the business and cares of the world.

SENSIBILITY, SINCERITY and CHEERFULNESS should ever be united: the first will share the sorrows of a friend; the second will not betray, and the latter will prove an unfailing recipe to enliven wherever it resides. May you never fail to keep up an intercourse with so desirable a trio! and may neither circumstances, interest, or old age, deprive you of those serene satisfactions which *they* will produce in every stage of life!

FRIEND.

FRIENDSHIP.

Unless they're timely crush'd, ill habits grow
'Till the possessor scarce from virtues know ;
But blest the man who holds one friend sincere,
In woe to sympathize, in joy to cheer ;
One resolute enough to set him right,
And snatch him from surrounding clouds to light ;
When threat'ning dangers swarm where'er he tread,
By passion driven, or by vice misled ;
To tent him to the quick, in spite of pain,
And give him smart, to give him ease again.

MOZEEN.

FRIENDSHIP is undoubtedly one of the noblest and most generous propensities of the soul, and at the same time the source of a thousand delights and pleasant satisfactions. To have a true friend, to whom we can impart our sorrows, and share our joys, who will steadily accompany us through all the various changes which it may be our portion to encounter, is to enjoy a pleasure to which kings are often strangers, and to possess a treasure which wealth cannot purchase.

Sweet intercourse of congenial souls ! whose joys are pure, serene and placid ; but whose anxieties and fears are nearly of the same nature as those of love ! for Friendship like love depends on an union of hearts and dispositions : Where those
clash,

clash, no true friendship can subsist between the parties, nor can the connexion be of long duration. Yet it is not absolutely necessary for friends to be exactly of the same disposition. We often love and admire that good quality in another, which we feel the want of in ourselves; but then the difference between us should be like that of different notes in musick, so modelled and contrived, that when properly introduced in the same piece, they would only serve by their variety, to produce more perfect sounds; if once they become discordant, all harmony of course must be at an end.

An equality of situation is not so essential to real friendship as a similitude of opinions and sentiments; for the ignorant and the wise, the grave, and the gay, the satirical and benevolent, the virtuous and the vicious, can never love each other with the cordiality and affection which is necessary to produce a true and lasting Friendship; of which virtue must be the foundation, sincerity and unreserve the cement which must secure its continuance.

FRIENDSHIP is of the most delicate nature;—indifference wounds it, caprice alarms it, neglect renders it suspicious, and insincerity finally destroys it. -

Be therefore careful whom you chose for friends: let their number be few;
if

if you find these few sincere, they will be entitled to your unbounded confidence, and suspect them not without reason. Female Friendship has long been subjected to the severest stigma of illiberal satire, in my opinion very unjustly; as I have for many years experienced the most sincere and lasting friendship from my own sex, in the revered names of a B——and a C——, with whom I have lived on the most flattering terms of intimacy and reciprocal affection, to whom I could impart my cares, and who rendered my satisfactions doubly delightful by their kind participation of them; and I am happy that truth will enable me to avow, that the foundation on which this reciprocal affection or rather this mutual friendship was formed, has never been for a moment shaken, either by the attempts of the malevolent, or the difference of situation; and I often flatter myself with the all-cheering hope that it will hereafter exist in a more perfect and durable state.

But expect not to find a true friend in every circle to which you are introduced. Friendship is a tender plant, and will not thrive on every soil. Many will talk of Friendship, whose souls are incapable of feeling that noble and generous attachment beyond the meer professions of doing so. Others will hail the rising sun of prosperity

rity with the voice of adulation, and the language of affection; but if its setting rays are overclouded with the storms of adversity, they will not dare to brave the torrent, but retire in time, with hearts as changed as the scene from which they are eager to fly. People of opposite and jarring sentiments, and different pursuits, are not likely to experience this sweet intercourse of soul. To expect it should be so, is like building a house on the sand, and yet foolishly imagine the foundation should not give way;—or, like skimming the air in a balloon, in expectation of going to whatever part of the globe you are desirous to visit.

The joys of friendship, in their original purity, can never be known but to generous and virtuous minds, who have no base actions to conceal, and whose sincerity will stand the test of the most rigid scrutiny. If you would wish to obtain a friend, endeavour to deserve the blessing by the innocence of your lives, and the prudence of your conduct; and, though you may want one to lessen your cares, never wish for one to make the confidant of your indiscretions: for Friendship can never exist without virtue for its basis. 'Tis not the lively companion, the agreeable flatterer, you must expect to find a friend, unless they have candour and sincerity to reprove
you

you for a fault, benevolence and generosity to conceal your error from a censorious world. If you ever meet with real friends, cherish them in your bosom, as a treasure of inestimable value, and never forsake them in the sad and cheerless moments of adversity.

The son of Sirach says, that, “a faithful friend is the medicine of life;—and “they that fear the Lord shall find him,”

Celestial happiness whene’er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent heaven—the bosom of a friend.

YOUNG.

How beautiful, how affecting, is the language of David, when he laments the death of his friend Jonathan.

“How are the mighty fallen in the
“midst of the battle! O Jonathan thou
“wast slain in thine high places!

“I am distressed for thee, my brother
“Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been
“unto me: thy love to me was wonder-
“ful, passing the love of women.

“How are the mighty fallen, and the
“weapons of war perished.!”

An Indian sage, giving advice to his son respecting his choice of friends, illustrated his discourse (according to the Asiatic manner) with the following story.

“Thou

‘Thou hast heard my son,’ said he,
‘of the great affection lizards have for
‘mankind. Abairan, the caliph of Bag-
‘dat, as he was hunting one day in a
‘neighbouring forest, being fatigued with
‘the toil of the chase, and separated
‘from his company, laid himself down
‘to sleep on the green bank of a rivulet,
‘which seemed to invite him to repose
‘with its gentle murmurs. He had scarce
‘closed his eyes, before one of those
‘friendly animals awakened him, by soft-
‘ly touching him with his tail; but how
‘great was his surprize, when he beheld,
‘not many yards off, a large serpent rol-
‘ling towards him! He rose immediate-
‘ly, took up his little deliverer, and fled.
‘This accident filled his mind with so
‘much gratitude, that he daily fed the
‘lizard with his own hand, and cherished
‘it in his bosom. He had not done so
‘long, before his complexion, which was
‘naturally healthy and florid, became pale
‘and sickly;—his eyes grew dim, he lost
‘his appetite, and all the symptoms of an
‘obstinate distemper appeared upon him.
‘The physicians, who were immediately
‘called to his assistance, employed all
‘their art in vain; the distemper encreas-
‘ed, and the angel of death seemed at
‘hand to summon him. Whilst he was
‘in this agony, a stranger, at that
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‘ time at Bagdat, hearing of the caliph’s
‘ illness, desired to be permitted to make
‘ an experiment. The proposal was at
‘ first rejected, and the author looked up-
‘ on as one of those travelling empirics,
‘ who infest all great cities.—The stran-
‘ ger persisting, however, strongly, in his
‘ request, and offering to answer with his
‘ life for the success of his attempt, the
‘ kindred of Abairan suffered him to un-
‘ dertake it. Alchaman (for that was his
‘ name) had no sooner looked upon the
‘ eyes of the caliph, than he declared that
‘ the cause of his malady was a lizard,
‘ whose venomous breath had infected the
‘ whole mass of his blood; and taking a
‘ small phial from his pocket, gave the
‘ patient a few drops mixed with water,
‘ to drink. Abairan, as soon as he had
‘ taken the admirable medicine, found
‘ himself much easier; the delirium left
‘ him, his colour returned, and the heat
‘ of youth glowed again in his veins.
‘ Let it suffice, that the caliph, having
‘ told the stranger how he came by the
‘ lizard, and the reason of his keeping
‘ it, intreated him to make the palace of
‘ Bagdat his home; adding, that since
‘ he had restored him to life, he hoped
‘ to receive from him the power of en-
‘ joying it too, by having that opportu-
‘ nity

nity to shew his gratitude, the greatest pleasure of which human hearts are susceptible. To this request Alchaman modestly replied—"My lord, the pleasure of doing good, is in itself a sufficient reward; for the benevolent have as much satisfaction in bestowing, as the indigent in receiving. If thou hast found any benefit from my endeavours, all I ask as a reward, is, to be permitted quietly to leave thy city, and return to that solitude, where I conversed with wisdom and with truth.—Thou art a prince, it is true, endued with all social virtues; thy reign is a blessing to thy servants, and the admiration of thy neighbours; but thy Friendship is as much to be avoided by me, as courted by the rest of mankind. Pardon, my lord, the freedom of thy servant's mind, the only empire a philosopher should covet. Friendship is founded upon an equality of condition, and a similitude of desires;—and even virtue, though always necessary to cement it, is ineffectual, if this basis be wanting. Consider, then, what a vast distance there is between thee and me; consider the inconveniencies that must accrue to both from such a conjunction. Thou hast been educated in a palace, I in a cell: the welfare of thousands depends

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" upon

“ upon thy vigilance and care as a gover-
“ nor ; my satisfaction consists alone in
“ retirement and contemplation. Should
“ we live together, thou wouldst on one
“ hand grow remiss by attending to my
“ speculations, and I, on the other, should
“ be diverted from my meditations, by
“ the business which would intrude upon
“ thee. Let us, therefore, be asunder,
“ that each may perform, as he ought,
“ the part which Providence has assigned
“ him to act, and not prove a reciprocal
“ poison to each other’s mind, as thou
“ and the lizard have been to each other’s
“ body.”

With the following extract from the
Letters of Sir Thomas Fitzosborne, I
shall conclude this paper.

‘ There is not, perhaps, a quality more
‘ uncommon in the world, than that which
‘ is necessary to form a man for this re-
‘ fined commerce, (meaning Friendship):
‘ for however sociableness may be esteem-
‘ ed a just characteristic of our species,
‘ Friendliness, I am persuaded, will scarce
‘ be found to enter into its general defi-
‘ nition. The qualifications requisite to
‘ support and conduct Friendship in all
‘ its strength and extent, do not seem to
‘ be sufficiently diffused among the human
‘ race, to render them the distinguishing
‘ marks

‘ marks of mankind; unless generosity
‘ and good-sense should be allowed (what
‘ they never can be allowed) universally
‘ to prevail. On the contrary, how few
‘ are in possession of those most amiable
‘ of endowments? How few are capable
‘ of that noble elevation of mind, which
‘ raises a man above those little jealousies
‘ and rivalships, that shoot up in the path
‘ of common amities.

‘ We should not, indeed, so often hear
‘ complaints of the inconstancy and false-
‘ ness of friends, if the world in general
‘ were more cautious than they usually
‘ are in forming connections of this kind.
‘ But the misfortune is, our friendships
‘ are apt to be too forward; and thus
‘ either fall off in the blossom, or never
‘ arrive at just maturity.

‘ But, though judgment must collect
‘ the materials of this goodly structure,
‘ it is affection that gives the cement;
‘ and passion as well as reason should
‘ concur in forming a firm and lasting co-
‘ alition. Hence, perhaps, it is, that not
‘ only the most powerful, but the most
‘ lasting Friendships, are usually the pro-
‘ duce of the early season of our lives,
‘ when we are most susceptible of the
‘ warm and affectionate impressions. The
‘ connections into which we enter in any
‘ after-period, decrease in strength as our

‘passions abate in heat ; and there is not,
‘ I believe, a single instance of a vigorous
‘ Friendship, that ever struck root in a
‘ bosom chilled with years.—’

L O V E.

Those awful words, ‘ till death do part,’
May well alarm the youthful heart :
No after thought when once a wife :
The die is cast, and cast for life :
Yet thousands venture every day,
As some base passion leads the way.
Pert Sylvia talks of wedlock scenes,
Though hardly enter’d on her teens,
Smiles on her whining spark, and hears
The sugar’d speech with raptur’d ears ;
Impatient of a parent’s rule,
She leaves her fire, and weds a fool.
Want enters at the guardless door,
And love is fled, to come no more.

DR. COTTON’S VISIONS.

OF all the ensnaring passions to which our hearts are apt to give way, the passion of LOVE is one of the most dangerous, and therefore ought to be most carefully guarded against ; as on the prudent choice we make depends the happiness or misery of our future lives. To form an engagement at a very early age, is to run a very great

great hazard of meeting a disappointment. To carry on a clandestine acquaintance with any one, however superior in birth and fortune, is to degrade our character, and to render our virtue suspected. If any man makes professions of love to a young woman, and endeavours to prevail upon her to conceal it from her parents, she may depend upon his professions not being sincere, and that he has some bad design, which he fears the eye of experience will discover, and by so doing defeat his dishonourable purpose. If the inclinations are mutual, and situations equal, secrecy cannot be necessary; if, on the contrary, any impediments to a union appear, sufficient to prevent its being brought about with the mutual consent of friends, it can answer no other purpose than to entail misery on the youthful parties, by continuing a connexion which must end in disappointment and wretchedness. Never, then, my fair readers, listen to the secret tale: attend not to the delusive flatterer, who would by his insinuating address prevail upon you to sacrifice your duty to the gratification of his love, vanity or designs: and be assured the man who would wish you to be a disobedient daughter, has not the proper value for you which he falsely pretends. And what reason has such an one to suppose that the

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woman,

woman who would give up her first of moral duties, would not as easily be prevailed upon to depart from every other? At least he would have just reason to suspect that an undutiful and ungrateful daughter would never make an obedient and faithful wife.

To see the ill effects of forming imprudent connexions, we need not look far into the world: and it is not to be doubted, but many unhappy marriages owe their greatest miseries to the unguarded conduct of the parties, previous to their being united. For, however the lover may flatter, and pretend to admire the frankness and generosity of his mistress, for complying with any improper requests; however grateful he may appear, for her running the hazard of disobliging her parents or friends, she may depend on being afterwards reproached by the husband, for the very conduct which was praised by the lover. Too often the source of matrimonial discord originates from this cause. Then will their own hearts, in the utmost bitterness of anguish, more keenly feel these reproaches; because their conscience will inform them, they are too justly deserved.

Until you, my fair readers, know a little of the world, dare not to listen to the tongue of the flatterer. Be not desirous

firous of being thought to have made captives, lest you, yourselves, become the slave : guard your hearts with caution against the delusive voice of Love ; nor suffer your affections to be engaged, till you are convinced the object of your choice is worthy to possess the undivided heart of a prudent and virtuous young woman. If you should by chance meet with an agreeable youth, who you think will captivate your heart, in spite of your utmost endeavours to detain the unguarded fugitive ; if you are not well convinced, by the honour of his conduct, you have been as errant a thief as your lover, banish him for ever from your misguided imagination. It is easy to conquer a disease at its first beginning ; but if we permit it to gain strength, before we attempt its cure, the best advice, and most powerful remedies may fail to effect its removal.

It is an unfortunate and mistaken notion, which many young people cherish, that if they marry the first object of their tender affection, they must be happy.—Alas ! Happiness depends on so many concurrent circumstances, that, believe me, the utmost prudence will not at all times secure the prize. The passion of Love must be reciprocal, or it cannot produce happiness ; and even then modesty, good sense, sensibility, and judgment, are

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requisite

requisite on both sides, to ensure it for any length of time. Friends must give their unreluctant consent, and circumstances must be easy, to render the married life a scene of harmony and contentment: for, however the ridiculous and romantic notions, to be found in many of our modern novels, may serve to mislead the mind, and involve it in a labyrinth of error, be assured Love and poverty seldom agree; nor are scenes of fashionable dissipation more congenial to Love. A competence is as necessary to our happiness, as virtue and prudence to our peace of mind, when we retire into ourselves, in order to examine our own hearts. How often have we known the fond lover, who flew with such eagerness to Gretna Green, to secure the prize he pretended to adore, soon after his return, prove a careless, unkind, and inconstant husband; whilst his equally misguided and imprudent companion has, in the strictest sense of the word, proved herself a modern wife!

Think not the husband gain'd, that all is done;
'The prize of happiness must still be won:
And oft the careless find it to their cost,
'The lover in the husband may be lost.
'The graces might alone his heart allure,
'They and the virtues meeting, must secure.

LORD LITTLETON.

Many

Many sad tragedies has love produced in the world, from many different and sad causes. Even parents themselves will sometimes bring them on the stage. The two following stories will more strikingly illustrate my present subject than any farther arguments I could make use of. May they have their due weight, and the miseries occasioned by the errors of the parties prevent any one from daring to run the hazard of following their examples!

Harriet Darnley was the daughter of a reputable mercer, who lived in London, and who had a numerous family. Unfortunately for Harriet, who was a very lovely, but a very vain and weak girl, she had two thousand pounds left her by an uncle, which was to be her's when she arrived at the age of twenty-one. Mr. Darnly had at the time this legacy was left Harriet an apprentice, of the name of Henley. This young man, who had every advantage of figure to captivate, was tired of the drudgery of the shop, and heartily weary of confinement. He had long wished to purchase a commission in the army. Harriet beheld Edward Henley, unknown to her parents, with tender partiality, and had given every encouragement to his hopes. The attentions which his vanity more than his affection had led him to pay her, unhappily obtained her love. She would take every

every opportunity of sitting in the shop, and gave him every reason to suppose that an offer of his heart would not be unacceptable.

No sooner was it known that Harriet's uncle had left so considerable a legacy, than he took the earliest opportunity of making a declaration of his passion. The unguarded fair-one too easily discovered to her artful lover the progress he had already made in gaining her affections; and knowing that Mr. Darnly had with too much reason been offended with his careless inattention to business, prevailed upon the unhappy girl not to disclose to any one the conquest she had made, 'till by the regularity and steadiness of his future conduct he had effected a perfect reconciliation with her father, and persuaded his own to make proper proposals.

Engaged in a clandestine acquaintance with one equally gay as worthless, Harriet was led from one step of imprudence to another, and granted her lover such frequent interviews, that to marry was become absolutely necessary. To Gretna-Green they went: the lady wanted only a few weeks of being of age. As soon as she was so, her profligate husband demanded her fortune, bought a commission, and when he had spent what remained, by his regiment being ordered abroad,

left

left his wife and child, which, at his departure, was only two months old, to all the horrors of unprotected misery, and threatening poverty.

Mr. Darnly, at the interposition of some friends, was, with some difficulty, prevailing upon to permit his once darling daughter to return to her paternal home, and to receive her with some degree of affection; but as neither he, nor her mother, could ever bring themselves entirely to forget the deceit she practised on them to her own undoing, and as her brothers and sisters now looked upon her with an eye of jealous envy, she is frequently obliged to bear reproaches, which her own heart, conscious of having but too well deserved them, knows not how to support. — While she sees her sisters easy, gay and happy, her brothers cheerful and content, she feels the misery of her own situation with redoubled anguish, and when she looks on her little girl, often trembles lest she, like herself, should fall a victim to her own imprudence.

The worthless cause of her having strayed from the paths of prudence, and disregarded the calls of duty, lives abroad, on the income of that fortune which was given to make her happy, and never had the humanity to send her a single line, or to make any enquiries after the poor victim of his baseness.

Be

Be warned, fair daughters of innocence, by the wretched Harriet. Attempt not to deceive your parents. Let her example prevail upon you to believe, the most flattering appearances may conceal depravity, and that the protestations of a clandestine lover are seldom meant but to betray.

The following letter, written by a distressed father, will serve to shew, that parents themselves are sometimes blameable, and that cruelty and avarice should be as carefully avoided by age, as obstinacy, imprudence, and a deviation from duty by youth and inexperience.

‘ I am an unfortunate old man, and a
‘ wretched, poor man; not poor from
‘ want of money, but because I have a great
‘ deal, which I never valued for its true
‘ and proper uses. I have erred against
‘ my God, against society, and against my
‘ children, by which I am doomed to perpetual
‘ misery in this world (pray Heaven
‘ it goes no farther!) The only atonement
‘ now in my power to make, is, to confess
‘ my faults, in hope they may serve to prevent
‘ others, of my past turn of thinking,
‘ from bringing ruin on their families, and
‘ sorrow to themselves.—To be concise;
‘ I was married early in life to an amiable
‘ woman, who brought me a good fortune,
‘ but not, in my mind, sufficient to live
‘ upon

‘ upon and provide for a family, without
‘ pursuing the business I was bred to.—
‘ Full of this thought, I gave up every
‘ pleasure to that of gaining a large fortune,
‘ and scarcely suffered another thought to
‘ intrude upon my mind. A few years
‘ after marriage made me father to two
‘ lovely children, a male and female; with
‘ this addition of family, my fondness for
‘ money increased; when my daughter
‘ was fifteen (she was the elder), I was un-
‘ fortunately deprived of the best of wives,
‘ and my dear children of the tenderest
‘ mother. This stroke was fatal to me,
‘ as she was the only check to my impro-
‘ per thirst for money. Shortly after her
‘ decease, my children returned from
‘ school; they were, in every respect, what
‘ a good parent should require.—My dear
‘ Emily, at the age of sixteen, was addres-
‘ sed, by a man of good family, who had
‘ spent many years in our American con-
‘ quests, in laboriously acquiring a fortune
‘ of 600*l.* per annum. My girl was pleased
‘ with him, as his behaviour and temper
‘ were amiable, and his character unexcep-
‘ tionable. After being some time ac-
‘ quainted in my house, he spoke to me
‘ upon the subject. The whole tenor of
‘ his conduct was open and unreserved;
‘ he, without scruple, acquainted me with
‘ the situation of his fortune.—I had no
‘ objec-

‘ objection, but to its smallness.—It was
‘ not to my wish.—I loved money, and
‘ thought happiness depended on it.—
‘ Vain thought!—I desired time to consider
‘ the proposal. I liked the man, but was
‘ disappointed in my darling views. Some
‘ days passed before I saw him again.—The
‘ subject gave me some inquietude. I wish-
‘ ed the welfare of my child, but imagined
‘ it depended upon my consenting to the
‘ match: yet still I could not think so.

‘ I saw Charles, (so I shall call the lover
‘ of my daughter) he, with a faltering
‘ voice, and shaking knees, asked my de-
‘ termination. I told him, *it could not be*.
‘ Gods! how did the worthy man appear!
‘ —his colour, his speech, his anima-
‘ tion, all forsook him. After a manly
‘ pause and recollection, he demanded
‘ what objection I could have to his offers?
‘ Shame at the instant shook me with re-
‘ morse; I could not give the true reason;
‘ and therefore told him, that his offers
‘ were generous, but that my objections
‘ were consistent to my ease and happiness;
‘ that I could not think of parting so very
‘ soon with the staff of my declining years;
‘ that my child to me was all my comfort.
‘ —He nobly replied, I had two at pre-
‘ sent; that my acquiescence would be an
‘ addition to my happiness; that, certain
‘ he was, he should add to, not take away
‘ from,

‘ from, my quiet, by an union with my
‘ daughter. This was reasoning that did
‘ not remove the cause of my refusal ; I
‘ said, that my situation in point of wealth
‘ made it necessary to send my son abroad
‘ to seek a fortune ; that, situated thus, I
‘ doubly wanted the assistance of my Emi-
‘ ly, and would not part with her ; that
‘ this was my first determination, from
‘ which I would not deviate — He, with a
‘ manly pride, bade me again consider ;
‘ not to be callous to his and my daugh-
‘ ter’s happiness ; so took his leave.

‘ Things were in this state, when I be-
‘ gan to reflect on what had passed ; I then
‘ found I had entangled myself in a laby-
‘ rinth for want of honesty. I saw, too
‘ late, I had given a reason for my refusal
‘ which must involve me in new difficul-
‘ ties, by declaring an intention of sending
‘ my son into the world to procure a for-
‘ tune which I was already able to give him.
‘ I had ever, till this period, supported a
‘ fair and uniform character, and did not
‘ chuse to forfeit it now ; I therefore at
‘ once determined (rash, unhappy, deter-
‘ mination !) to sacrifice all to avarice. I
‘ sent for my son, told him I had an op-
‘ portunity of placing him in a state, that
‘ in a few years would make him indepen-
‘ dent ; that, in short, I had it in my power
‘ to send him, in a good employment, with
‘ the

‘ the commissioners who were going to
‘ India, to supervise the company’s affairs.
‘ My boy, who had ever been a most
‘ dutiful child, received my information
‘ with a sweetness peculiar to himself and
‘ Emily, and in a short time he was em-
‘ barked on board the Halsewell, where
‘ he was one of the unfortunate sufferers.
‘ It is needless to say, I there lost the hope
‘ of perpetuating my name in its true lines.

‘ Some time after I had thus robbed my-
‘ self of my only son, to gratify my thirst
‘ for gain, I informed my Emily, that I
‘ had maturely and deliberately considered
‘ the affair of her marriage with Charles,
‘ and was clearly convinced, it could not
‘ be for her happiness or advantage; I
‘ therefore would not agree to it. She
‘ strongly urged me to consider that her
‘ felicity depended upon it; pleaded how
‘ much she loved him, and was beloved;
‘ on her knees implored me to be pro-
‘ pitious to their joint happiness.—

‘ I still remained obdurate; and insisted
‘ on her giving up all thoughts of the
‘ matter, and, from that moment, never
‘ to mention it; not only so, but to
‘ swear she would never more hear him on
‘ the subject. For one moment, her duty
‘ got the better of her love in the bitter-
‘ ness of her disappointment; she called
‘ down

‘ down dreadful imprecations on herself
‘ if she disobeyed me: she but too well
‘ kept her oath, and in a few weeks fell
‘ into a languid state which daily increas-
‘ ed. This obliged me to call in physicians
‘ to her assistance: in doing this I employ-
‘ ed, as her physician, the son of an old
‘ friend: he visited her often, and, as I
‘ since find by indulging her turn for
‘ melancholly, ingratiated himself into her
‘ favour. One morning he came at the
‘ usual hour of attendance, and proposed
‘ accompanying her to take an airing in
‘ Hyde Park: I readily consented; happy
‘ to find her spirits equal to it, and went
‘ into the city. On my return from busi-
‘ ness, I enquired for Emily—but oh!
‘ how much was I confounded, when the
‘ astonished servants declared, they feared
‘ some misfortune had happened to her,
‘ as she was not any where to be heard of.
‘ I sent immediately to the doctor, he was
‘ also missing; then was the first moment
‘ I felt for my folly. I set about an im-
‘ mediate enquiry, and traced them to-
‘ wards Scotland; I pursued them night
‘ and day, without ceasing, (but to change
‘ horses) resolved to rescue her from the
‘ man she could never love, and into whose
‘ power despair alone had thrown her, and
‘ place her in the arms of him who well
‘ deserved

‘ deserved her. With this resolution, I
‘ winged my speed, and arrived at——:
‘ but, gracious God! how, when, where
‘ did I arrive? Why, just upon the spot,
‘ and time enough to see such a sight, as
‘ horror would shudder to delineate. Thus
‘ let me picture it as it was: at the close of
‘ the day, in a small field, adjoining a little
‘ lonely public house, my sight and ear was
‘ caught by an unusual clamour; and some
‘ ten or twelve of different sex and age
‘ forming a circle: I stooped for a momen-
‘ tary glance, when to my astonishment,
‘ I beheld my dear Emily with dishevelled
‘ hair, clasped hands, and silent sorrow,
‘ bending over something on the earth. I
‘ flew to the spot; but how shall I describe
‘ my feelings, when on near approach, I
‘ saw the bodies of Charles and his rival,
‘ mere lifeless clay? Before I could resolve
‘ on any mode of behaviour, my dear
‘ Emily exclaimed, “Cruel father!” flew
‘ from the position in which I first observed
‘ her, and ran frantic round the field.
‘ My first care was for her life and safety:
‘ I had her conveyed to a bed in the house,
‘ and sent for the best assistance; but, in
‘ spite of every aid, my beloved daughter
‘ —(God! how can I repeat it?) in less
‘ than two hours, expired in dreadful ago-
‘ nies. Thus was the terrible measure of
‘ my woes completed. At that time I
‘ wished

‘ wished the affair to make as little noise as
‘ possible, and took my measures accord-
‘ ingly; but now I find the only comfort
‘ I can receive is in the publication: it may
‘ ease, but never can cure my heart-felt
‘ sorrows. I must not forget to tell you,
‘ that, after Charles had been by me ban-
‘ nished my house, he never omitted keep-
‘ ing a watchful guard upon every transac-
‘ tion going forwards. The fatal morning
‘ that my dear Emily left my house, one
‘ of his trusty spies informed him of it:
‘ he watched for their return; but their
‘ long stay alarming him, he took but lit-
‘ tle time to consider what should be done;
‘ and, on being made acquainted with their
‘ rout he pursued them upon post horses,
‘ which was the reason he overtook them
‘ about half an hour before I reached the
‘ fatal ground; he at that spot rode up to
‘ the post-chaise window, and presenting
‘ a pistol, desired his rival instantly to
‘ alight and defend himself: the doctor
‘ alighted, and left my Emily in a fit, from
‘ which she did not recover before they
‘ were both deprived of life.’

Did young people seriously consider the
important change which marriage must ne-
cessarily produce in their situation, how
much more cautious would it make them
in forming their choice of a companion for
life? Alas! what avail the graces of the
finest

finest figure, the most captivating address, the assemblage of all that is ensnaring, if the heart is depraved, or the conduct imprudent! the gayest associate of the convivial hour may be the dullest, the most unfit companion for the domestic circle; and he, who is never satisfied but in a crowd, or when engaged in a continued round of pleasure, is very unlikely to make a tender and prudent husband. Should sickness or distress draw near, depend upon it, he will fly from their approach. If beauty alone excited his passion, it will cease to exist when you are deprived of those attractions on which it was founded. If fortune was his inducement, that will likewise soon lose its value in his sordid mind; and the very person who brought him the wealth for which he sighed, will be considered as the grand obstacle to its enjoyment. Too often is this unpleasant picture to be seen in many discontented families, which a little serious reflection might have prevented being so unfortunately realized. Never be prevailed upon to yield your hearts to any one, however he may shine in the gay circles of the world, if you are convinced he has no relish for the enjoyments of retired life. The man who likes every house better than his own, will scarcely take the trouble of making home agreeable to others, whilst it is disgusting

gusting to himself. It will be the only place in which he will give way to his discontent and ill humour. Such people are for ever strangers to the dear delights of the social state, and all the real comforts of a well regulated family. He that is indiscriminately at home, is never at home, and he feels himself a stranger or a visitor amidst his closest connexions.

It matters not how few serious or useful qualities the person may possess, who is the accidental, the gay companion of a leisure hour: but in the choice of a partner for life it is far different. More solid qualifications are then found necessary than mere external recommendations. The lively may be the most entertaining; but the prudent one must be the most valuable.

If you regard your own peace, never venture to approach the altar with any one whose conduct deserves the censure of the virtuous. Depend not on his promises: and let not vanity lead you to suppose, your own good qualities can effect a reformation. The virtue on which you may rely he has before convinced you he despised. Therefore, never be tempted, by a too high opinion of your own consequence, to undertake the task of reforming a libertine: but fly with the most guarded caution, his delusive snares; and whenever you listen with complacency to the voice
of

of Love, be first satisfied that it is told you in the language of sincerity, and that it was dictated by a heart uncorrupted with guilt.

On your own parts, be equally cautious not to practise any kind of deception on your lovers. Attempt not to conceal your imperfections, unless they are such as you are determined to conquer. If you wish to be happy, you must endeavour to deserve the attention of the worthy part of that sex on which happiness in the married state so much depends. You must let prudence guide your choice, virtue, modesty and discretion regulate your actions. You must make your choice with deliberation, with the consent of your parents; and after it is once made, reconcile yourselves to the cares and anxieties which must ever attend even the happiest union; the peace of which is often destroyed by young people's raising their expectations beyond the bounds of probability, and having formed their ideas of real life, and real characters, from those which never existed but in the imagination of the poet and novelist.

Though unbounded wealth is not essential to happiness, yet without a sufficient competence to procure the comforts and conveniencies of life, it is not possible to enjoy it. Love, in some instances, may have

have been known to combat with resolution the severest difficulties; but never can long survive if those difficulties have been produced by our own obstinate imprudence. Never permit your hopes to aspire beyond your own rank in life: but be equally careful not to let them sink beneath it. If you are led to affluence by the hand of love, it will undoubtedly increase the value of the blessing; but if with a competence you are united to worth and sincerity, you can see all the gaudy trappings of greatness without envy or discontent.

Thrice happy they, who sleep in humble life,
Beneath the storm ambition blows! 'Tis meet
The great should have the same of happiness,
The consolation of a little envy.

'Tis all their pay for their superior cares,
Those pangs of heart their vassals cannot feel.

YOUNG.

O D E.

TO A RED-BREAST.

WHAT though the nightingale be fled;
What though the lark amid the night,
No longer leave his dewy bed,
And warble to the coming light;
What though the Blackbird silently deplore
The bare, bleak thicket, and the leafless bow'r—
Vol. I. H Yet

Yet still with gratitude I hear
One little faithful, feather'd friend,
Undaunted by the gloomy year,
Upon my solitude attend ;
Who, kind and constant wakes his vocal pow'r,
To cheer the gloom, and cheat the ling'ring hours.

What though his artless voice be weak,
Scarce heard amid the tuneful throng,
Methinks I hear reflection speak,
And moralize upon his song.
From her I learn his short shrill notes to prize,
Above the faithless bird that with the summer flies.

To recompense thy labor'd song,
Accept, sweet bird, the muses meed,
And fearless now of future wrong,
Around me ever sing and feed.
Thy song shall be by peace and plenty crown'd,
And fancy lend thy voice a silver sound.

From hence I shun the specious train,
That only charm mine ear or eye ;
That in adversity's black reign,
Or know me not—or from me fly ;
And in the winter of my life no more
Breathe friendship's vernal vows and temporary lore.

What though the serious and sincere
Boast not the pleasing pow'r's of mirth,
Though artless to allure the ear,
Or give the social pleasures birth ;
I pass the trifling want, and prudent prize
The warm, good heart, and faith that never flies.

If Fate, to prove my patience, pour
Her storms, and darken all the day,
Will Wit in sympathy deplore ?
Vivacity my voice obey ?
For them, alas ! might Woe, and Want, and Care,
Prey on my heart, and give me to Despair.

Then

Then shall the honest heart appear
 Far nobler than the gay and vain :
 Thine heart, in sympathy sincere,
 Shall conquer or divide my pain.
 Still to my tears and sighs my melted friend
 Shall join his social sighs, and with his tears attend.

Learn too ye fair from hence to chuse
 Your lovers more by sense than shew ;
 Reward the worthy, nor refuse
 The good, though neither Wit nor Beau.
 Tho' plain their person, tho' their charms be few,
 Yield to the soul that's solid, tender, true.

Then though the bloom forsake your face,
 And full-blown beauty summers pride,
 Sink in the matron's autumn grace,
 Though love and life in age subside ;
 Secure your empire o'er the heart remains,
 And Gratitude preserves, though Beauty made the
 chains.

ODE FOR MUSIC.

Sent to CLEORA, by SIR THOMAS FITZOSBORNE.

A I R I.

THRICE has the circling earth, swift pacing
 run,
 And thrice again, around the sun,
 Since first the white-rob'd priest, with sacred band,
 Sweet union join'd us hand in hand.

C H O R U S.

All heaven, and ev'ry friendly pow'r
 Approv'd the vow, and bless'd the hour.

H 2

R E C I.

RECITATIVE.

What tho' in silence sacred HYMEN trod,
 Nor lyre proclaim'd nor garland crown'd the god :
 What tho' nor feast nor revel dance was there,
 (Vain pomp of joy the happy well may spare !)
 Yet love unfeign'd and conscious honor led
 The spotless virgin to the bridal bed :
 Rich, tho' despoil'd of all her little store ;
 For who shall seize fair virtue's better dow'r ?

A I R II.

Blest with sense with temper blest,
 Wisdom o'er thy lips presides ;
 Virtue guards thy gen'rous breast,
 Kindness all thy actions guides.

A I R III.

Ev'ry home-felt bliss is mine,
 Ev'ry matron grace is thine ;
 Chaste deportment, artless mien,
 Converse sweet, and heart serene.
 Sinks my soul with gloomy pain ?
 See, she smiles !—'tis joy again :
 Swells a passion in my breast ?
 Hark, she speaks and all is rest.
 Oft as clouds my path o'erspread,
 (Doubtful where my steps should tread)
 She with Judgment's steady ray,
 Marks, and smooths the better way.

CHORUS.

Chief amongst ten thousand she,
 Worthy, sacred HYMEN ! thee.

10 JA 67

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

